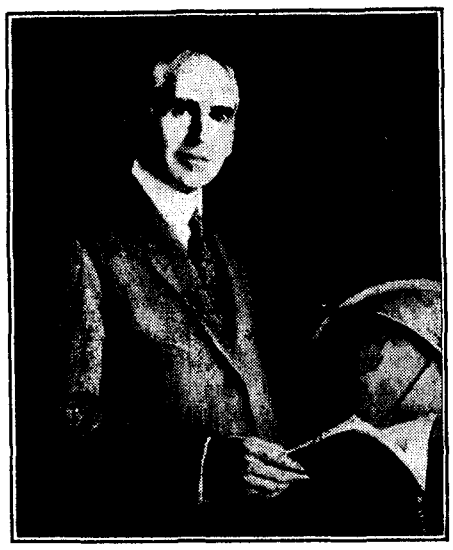
TEN CENTS A COPY

# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1934 — NUMBER 32



CHARLES A. BEARD
*Portrait by Ivan G. Olinsky*

## American Interests in Foreign Affairs

*THE IDEA OF NATIONAL INTEREST. By Charles A. Beard, with the Collaboration of G. H. E. Smith. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

PROFESSOR BEARD has undertaken to answer a question to which no comprehensive answer has hitherto been attempted. What is national interest? The phrase is a commonplace of politics and diplomacy, but precisely what does it mean? What, exactly, is an interest, and how is an interest to be recognized as national? Are we offered only a resounding phrase, useful for rhetorical or emotional purposes but beyond the reach of definition save in the most general terms, or something concrete enough to be examined, measured, and accurately described? Professor Beard, poring over "thousands of pages of diplomatic documents, Congressional debates, and state papers," noticed "what appeared to be a decline in reliance upon the term 'national honor,'" a term interestingly examined some years ago by Leo Perla, "and the growing use of the formula 'national interest' to explain and justify policy." The Social Science Research Council, to which the suggestion of an inquiry into the meaning of the phrase was submitted, promptly invited him to make the investigation and the Carnegie Corporation came forward with a generous grant in aid. Chief among Professor Beard's many collaborators is G. H. E. Smith, who has had a part in the work "from beginning to end." The volume now published is devoted to "a matter-of-fact inquiry into the meaning and use of the formula"; a second will attempt to construct "a consistent and tenable philosophy of national interest."

The formula itself, as Professor Beard points out, is relatively "a newcomer among the formulas of diplomacy and international morality," its use in diplomacy dating mainly from the rise of national commercial states and republican forms of government. The word "national" does not appear in the United States Constitution, but the authors of *The Federalist* had much to say about the nation and nationality, and in placing interest "at the centre of policy" they "correctly divined the course of action" which the new national government was to follow. The writings of Washington, Hamilton, and Madison embody the view of government

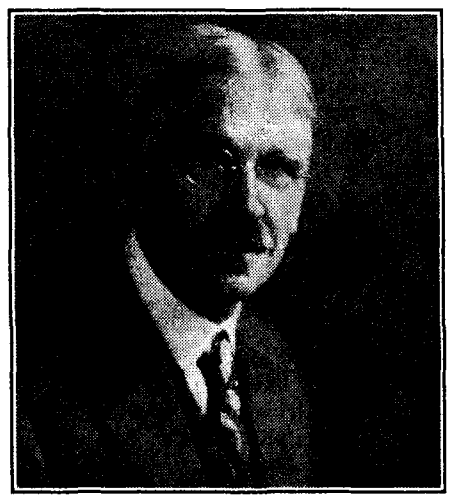
(*Continued on page* 505)

# Art in a Vacuum*

BY JOHN DEWEY

WHEN artistic objects are separated from both conditions of origin and operation in experience, a wall is built around them that renders almost opaque their general significance, with which esthetic theory deals. Art is remitted to a separate realm, where it is cut off from that association with the materials and aims of every other form of human effort, undergoing, and achievement. A primary task is thus imposed upon one who undertakes to write upon the philosophy of the fine arts. This task is to restore continuity between the refined and intensified forms of experience that are works of art and the everyday events, doings, and sufferings that are universally recognized to constitute experience. Mountain peaks do not float unsupported; they do not even just rest upon the earth. They *are* the earth in one of its manifest operations. It is the business of those who are concerned with the theory of the earth, geographers and geologists, to make this fact evident in its various implications. The theorist who would deal philosophically with fine art has a like task to accomplish.

If one is willing to grant this position, even if only by way of temporary experiment, he will see that there follows a conclusion at first sight surprising. In order to understand the meaning of artistic products, we have to forget them for a time, to turn aside from them and have recourse to the ordinary forces and conditions of experience that we do not usually regard as esthetic. We must arrive at the theory of art by means of a detour. For theory is concerned with understanding, insight, not without exclamations of admiration and stimulation of that emotional outburst often called appreciation. It is quite possible to enjoy flowers in their colored form and delicate fragrance without knowing anything about plants theoretically. But if one sets out to *understand* the flowering of plants, he is committed to finding out something about the interactions of soil, air, water, and sunlight that condition the growth of plants.



JOHN DEWEY

By common consent, the Parthenon is a great work of art. Yet it has esthetic standing only as the work becomes an experience for a human being. And, if one is to go beyond personal enjoyment into the formation of a theory about that large republic of art of which the building is one member, one has to be willing at some point in his reflections to turn from it to the bustling, arguing, acutely sensitive Athenian citizens, with civic sense identified with a civic religion, of whose experience the temple was an expression, and who built it not as a work of art but as a civic commemoration. The turning to them is as human beings who had needs that were a demand for the building and that were carried to fulfilment in it; it is not an examination such as might be carried on by a sociologist in search for material relevant to his purpose. The one who sets out to theorize about the esthetic experience embodied in the Parthenon must realize in thought what the experience of the people into whose lives it entered had in common, as creators and as those who were satisfied with it, with people of our own homes and on our own streets.

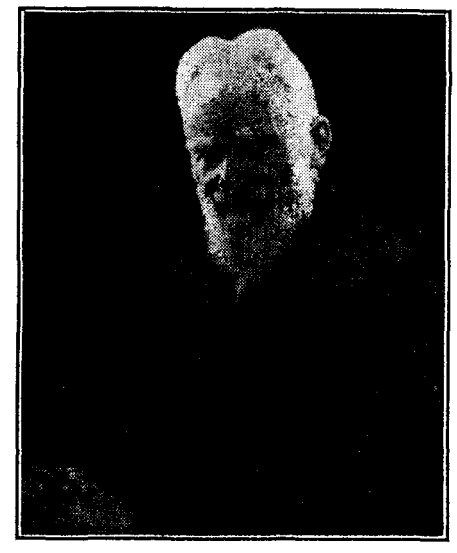
In order to *understand* the esthetic in its ultimate and approved forms, one must begin with it in the raw; in the events and scenes that hold without the attentive eye and ear of man, arousing his interest and affording him enjoyment as he looks and listens. the sights that hold the crowd—the fire-engine rushing by; the machines excavating enormous holes in the earth; the human-fly climbing the steeple-side; the men perched high in air on girders, throwing and catching red-hot bolts. The sources of art in human experience will be learned by him who sees how the tense grace of the ball-player infects the onlooking crowd; who notes the delight of the housewife in tending her plants, and the intent interest of her goodman in tending the patch of green in front of the house; the zest of the spectator in poking the wood burning on the hearth and in watching the darting flames and crumbling coals. These people, if questioned as to the reason for their actions, would doubtless return reasonable answers. The man who poked the sticks of burning wood would say he did it to make the fire burn better; but he is none the less fascinated by the colorful drama of change enacted before his eyes and imaginatively partakes in it. He does not remain a cold spectator. What Coleridge said of the reader of poetry is true in its way of all who are happily absorbed in their activities of mind and body: "The reader should be carried forward, not merely or chiefly by the mechanical impulse of curiosity, not by a restless desire to arrive at the final solution, but by the pleasurable activity of the journey itself."

The intelligent mechanic engaged in his job, interested in doing well and finding satisfaction in his handiwork, caring for his materials and tools with genuine affection, is artistically engaged. The difference between such a worker and the inept and careless bungler is as great in the shop as it is in the studio. Oftentimes the product may not appeal to the esthetic sense of those who use the product. The fault, however, is oftentimes not so much with the worker as with the conditions of the market for which his product is designed. Were conditions and opportunities different, things as significant to the eye as those produced by earlier craftsmen would be made.

So extensive and subtly pervasive are

(*Continued on next page*)

*The following article is to constitute part of a chapter in John Dewey's "Art as Experience," to be published in March by Minton, Balch & Co.



BERNARD SHAW
*Photograph by Bassano, London*

## The New Ecclesiastes

*TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD, VILLAGE WOOING, ON THE ROCKS. Three Plays. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

THIS is the latest volume of Bernard Shaw's lively and critical history of the social and political life of his times. The liveliness will be enjoyed in the two three-act plays and the criticism may be studied in the substantial preface which precedes each play. Sandwiched between the two plays is what Bernard Shaw calls a "comediettina for two voices," an amusing duologue in which a young woman evinces a consummate art of salesmanship in getting what she wants when she wants it.

"Too True to Be Good" is a "political extravaganza" laying bare the trials and tribulations of the rich in their struggles to find happiness under the present social system of snobbery and class divisions. It deals in the main with three reckless people—a gentleman burglar and two young women (one of the spoilt rich and the other of the adventurous poor) who have come nefariously into a large sum of money and who decamp with it to have a good time in another country. The end of their diverting escapades finds them all utterly disillusioned about the power of money to bring spiritual satisfactions, yet they find themselves enriched with an experience which has opened their eyes to

(*Continued on page* 503)

## This Week

VERONICAS
By PADRAIC COLUM

LENIN: A BIOGRAPHY
By RALPH FOX
*Reviewed by Sidney Hook*

COME IN AT THE DOOR
By WILLIAM MARCH
*Reviewed by Welbourn Kelley*

FALLING STAR
By VICKI BAUM
*Reviewed by John C. Mosher*

GEORGE WASHINGTON HIMSELF
By JOHN C. FITZPATRICK
*Reviewed by John Corbin*

BELOW ZERO
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

## Next Week or Later

DAVID HUME
By WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

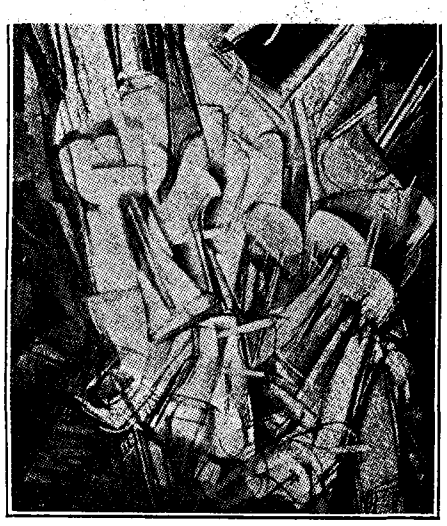
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Art in a Vacuum

(*Continued from first page*)

the ideas that set Art upon a remote pedestal, that many a person would be repelled rather than pleased if told that he enjoyed his casual recreations, in part at least, because of their esthetic quality. The arts which today have most vitality for the average person are things he does not take to be arts: for instance, the movie, jazzed music, the comic strip, and, too frequently, newspaper accounts of love-nests, murders, and exploits of bandits. For, when what he knows as art is relegated to the museum and gallery, the unconquerable impulse towards experiences enjoyable in themselves finds such outlet as the daily environment provides. Many a person who protests against the museum conception of art, still shares the fallacy from which that conception springs. For the popular notion comes from a separation of art from the objects and scenes of ordinary experience which many theorists and critics pride themselves upon holding and even elaborating. The times when select and distinguished objects are closely connected with the products of usual vocations are the times when appreciation of the former is most rife and most keen. When, because of their remoteness, the objects acknowledged by the cultivated to be works of fine art seem anemic to the mass of people, esthetic hunger is likely to seek the cheap and the vulgar.

The factors that have glorified fine art by setting it upon a far-off pedestal did not arise within the realm of art nor is their influence confined to the arts. For many persons an aura of mingled awe and unreality encompasses the "spiritual" and the "ideal" while "matter" has become by contrast a term of depreciation, something to be explained away or apologized for. The forces at work are those that have removed religion as well as fine art from the



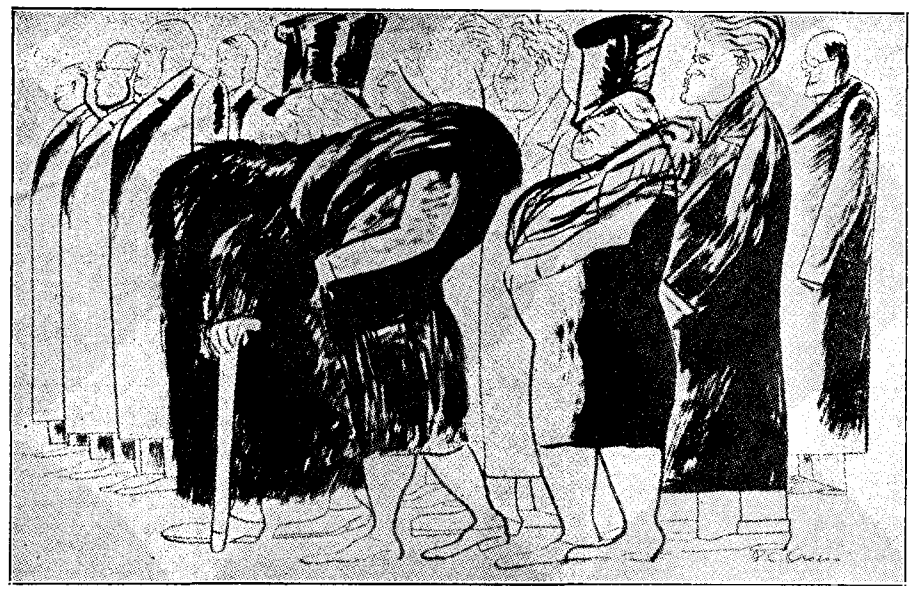
ART FOR ART'S SAKE
*Duchamp's "Nude Descending the Stairs"*

scope of the common or community life. These forces have historically produced so many of the dislocations and divisions of modern life and thought that art could not escape their influence. We do not have to travel to the ends of the earth nor return many millennia in time to find peoples for whom everything that intensifies the sense of immediate living is an object of intense admiration. Bodily scarification, waving feathers, gaudy robes, shining ornaments of gold and silver, of emerald and jade, formed the contents of esthetic arts, and, presumably, without the vulgarity of class exhibitionism that attends their analogues today. Domestic utensils, furnishings of tent and house, rugs, mats, jars, pots, bows, spears, were wrought with such delighted care that today we hunt them out and give them places of honor in our art museums. Yet in their own time and place, such things were enhancements of the processes of everyday life. Instead of being elevated to a niche apart, they belonged to display of prowess, the manifestation of group and clan membership, worship of gods, feasting and fasting, fighting, hunting, and all the rhythmic crises that punctuate the stream of living.

Dancing and pantomime, the sources of the art of the theater, flourished as part of religious rites and celebrations. Musical art abounded in the fingering of the stretched string, the beating of the taut skin, the blowing with reeds. Even in the caves, human habitations were adorned with colored pictures that kept alive to the senses experiences with the animals that were so closely bound with the lives of humans. Structures that housed their gods and the instrumentalities that facilitated commerce with the higher powers were wrought with especial fineness. But the arts of the drama, music, painting, and architecture thus exemplified had no peculiar connection with theaters, galleries museums. They were part of the significant life of an organized community.

The collective life that was manifested in war, worship, the forum, knew no division between what was characteristic of these places and operations, and the arts that brought color, grace, and dignity, into them. Painting and sculpture were organically one with architecture, as that was one with the social purpose which buildings served. Music and song were intimate parts of the rites and ceremonies in which the meaning of group life was consummated. Drama was a vital reënactment of the legends and history of group life. Not even in Athens can such arts be torn loose from this setting in direct experience and yet retain their significant character. Athletic sports, as well as drama, celebrated and enforced traditions of race and group, instructing the people, commemorating glories, and strengthening their civic pride.

Under such conditions, it is not surprising that the Athenian Greeks, when they came to reflect upon art, formed the idea that it is an act of reproduction, or imitation. There are many objections to this conception. But the vogue of the theory is testimony to the close connection of the fine arts with daily life; the idea would not have occurred to any one had art been remote from the interests of life. For the doctrine did not signify that art was a literal copying of objects, but that it re-



"THE COMMITTEE ON ART" BY JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO.
*From Orozco's book of drawings (Delphic Studios).*

necessity of censorship of poets, dramatists, and musicians. Perhaps he exaggerated when he said that a change from the Doric to the Lydian mode in music would be the sure precursor of civic degeneration. But no contemporary would have doubted that music was an integral part of the ethos and the institutions of the community. The idea of "art for art's sake" would not have been understood.

There must then be historic reasons for the rise of the compartmental conception of fine art. Our present museums and galleries to which works of fine art are removed and stored illustrate some of the causes that have operated to segregate art instead of finding it to be an attendant of temple, forum, and other forms of associated life. An instructive history of modern art could be written in terms of the formation of the distinctively modern institutions of museum and exhibition gallery. I may point to a few outstanding facts. Most European museums are, among other things, memorials of the rise of nationalism and imperialism. Every capital must have its own museum of painting, sculpture, etc., devoted in part to exhibiting the greatness of its artistic past, and, in other part, to exhibiting the loot gathered by its monarchs in conquest of other nations; for instance, the accumulations of the spoils of Napoleon that are in the Louvre. They testify to the connection between the modern segregation of art and nationalism and militarism.

The growth of capitalism has been a powerful influence in the development of the museum as the proper home for works of art, and in the promotion of the idea that they are apart from the common life. The *nouveaux riches*, who are an important byproduct of the capitalist system, have felt especially bound to surround themselves with works of fine art which, being rare, are also costly. Generally speaking, the typical collector is the typical capitalist. For evidence of good standing in the realm of higher culture, he amasses paintings, statuary, and artistic bijoux, as his stocks and bonds certify to his standing in the economic world.

Not merely individuals, but communities and nations, put their cultural good taste in evidence by building opera houses, galleries, and museums. These show that a community is not wholly absorbed in material wealth, because it is willing to spend its gains in patronage of art. It erects these buildings and collects their contents as it builds a cathedral. These culture. They are a kind of counterpart of a holier-than-thou attitude, exhibited not toward persons as such but toward the interests and occupations that absorb most of the community's time and energy.

Modern industry and commerce have an international scope. The contents of galleries and museums testify to the growth of economic cosmopolitanism. The mobility of trade and of populations, due to the economic system, has weakened or destroyed the connection between works of art and the *genius loci* of which they were once the natural expression. As works of art have lost their indigenous status, they have acquired a new one—that of being specimens of fine art and nothing else. Moreover, works of art are now produced, like other articles, for sale in the market. Economic patronage by wealthy and powerful individuals has at many times played a part in the encouragement of artistic production. Probably many a savage tribe had its Maecenas. But now even that much of intimate social connection is lost in the impersonality of a world market. Objects that were in the past valid and significant because of their place in the life of a community now function in isolation from the conditions of their origin. By that fact they are also set apart from common experience, and serve as insignia of taste and certificates of special culture.

Because of changes in industrial conditions the artist has been pushed to one side from the main streams of active interest. Industry has been mechanized and the artist cannot work mechanically for mass production. He is less integrated than formerly in the normal flow of social services. A peculiar esthetic "individualism" results. Artists find it incumbent upon them to betake themselves to their work as an isolated means of "self-expression." In order not to cater to the trend of economic forces, they often feel obliged to exaggerate their separateness to the point of eccentricity. Consequently artistic products take on to a still greater degree the air of something independent and esoteric.

If the actions of all such forces are put together, then the conditions which create the gulf that exists generally between producer and consumer in modern society operate to create also a chasm between ordinary and esthetic experience. Finally we have, as the record of this chasm, accepted as normal, the philosophies of art that locate it in a region inhabited by no Adventitious matters, like the pleasure of collecting, of exhibiting, of ownership and display, simulate esthetic values. Criticism is affected. There is much applause for the wonders of appreciation and the glories of the transcendent beauty of art indulged in without much regard to capacity for esthetic perception in the concrete.

My purpose, however, is not to engage in an economic interpretation of the history of the arts, much less to argue that economic conditions are either invariably or directly relevant to perception and enjoyment, or even to interpretation of individual works of art. It is to indicate that *theories* which isolate art and its appreciation by placing them in a realm of their own, disconnected from other modes of experiencing, are not inherent in the subject-matter but arise because of specifiable extraneous conditions. Embedded as they are in institutions and in habits of life, these conditions operate effectively because they work so unconsciously. Then the theorist assumes they are embedded in the nature of things. Nevertheless, the influence of these conditions is not confined to theory. As I have already indicated, it deeply affects the practice of living, driving away esthetic perceptions that are necessary ingredients of happiness, or reducing them to the level of compensating transient pleasurable excitations.

Even to readers who are adversely inclined to what has been said, the implications of the statements which have been made may be useful in defining the nature of the problem: That of recovering the continuity of esthetic experience with normal processes of living. The understanding of art and of its role in civilization is not furthered by setting out with eulogies of it nor by occupying ourselves exclusively at the outset with great works of art recognized as such. The comprehension which theory essays will be arrived at by a detour; by going back to experience of the common or mill run of things to discover the esthetic quality such experience possesses. Theory can start with and

# Veronicas

By PADRAIC COLUM

VERDANCY you have, Veronicas,
And a small flowering plume that only the bees are aware of,
And, by right of your glazedness,
A bloomless beauty—
The beauty of burnished breastplates,
And of polished mail.
The rain-spills drop from your leaves with singular purity,
And the sun beams from your glaze.
The four shining elements endue you, uniformed Veronicas—
Fire of the sun, rain, stir of the air, and earth's greenness,
You by my gateway growing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from acknowledged works of art only when the esthetic is already compartmentalized, or only when works of art are set in a niche apart instead of being celebrations, recognized as such, of the things of ordinary experience. Even a crude experience, if authentically an experience, is more fit to give a clue to the intrinsic nature of esthetic experience than is an object already set apart from any other mode of experience. Following this clue we can discover how the work of art develops and accentuates what is characteristically valuable in things of everyday enjoyment. The art product will then be seen to issue from the latter, when the full meaning of ordinary experience is expressed, as dyes come out of coal tar products when they receive special treatment. . . .

The comparison of the emergence of works of art out of ordinary experiences to the refining of raw materials into valuable products may seem to some unworthy, if not an actual attempt to reduce works of art to the status of articles manufactured for commercial purposes. The point, however, is that no amount of ecstatic eulogy of finished works can of itself assist the understanding or the generation of such works. Flowers can be enjoyed without knowing about the interactions of soil, air, moisture, and seeds of which they are the result. But they cannot be *understood* without taking just these interactions into account—and theory is a matter of understanding. Theory is concerned with discovering the nature of the production of works of art and of their enjoyment in perception. How is it that the everyday making of things grows into that form of making which is genuinely artistic? How is it that our everyday enjoyment of scenes and situations develops into the peculiar satisfaction that attends the experience which is emphatically esthetic? These are the questions theory must answer. The answers cannot be found, unless we are willing to find the germs and roots in matters of experience that we do not currently regard as esthetic. Having discovered these active seeds, we may follow the course of their growth into the highest forms of finished art.

# Hard-Boiled Jellyfish

*THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE. By James M. Cain. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1934. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

YOU read about such people as those in this novel almost every day in the newspapers. They are chiefly stupid, slightly pathetic, capable of rape, arson, or murder in a sort of dumb, driven way. They have glimmers of decency, passions that overcome them, and are chiefly selfish, and morally composed of gelatine while being big, husky brutes to outward view. They commit most of the crimes one reads about—though they are not of the smart crooks or in with the gangsters. They are simply commonplace people trying to get along honestly; but they haven't intelligence enough to derive true happiness from life. Drink and fornication are about as near as they get.

Mr. Cain is to be congratulated upon making his exciting and disagreeable novel carry conviction. His style is like the metal of an automatic. You can't lay his story down, for all its brutality and ugliness. He is good at dialogue, too. In the hard-boiled school of today here is a new student of considerable promise.

It is a question whether we can go much farther in the way of stories concerning the semi-morons that hitherto have had few spokemen. But so long as writers can tell their stories as well as Mr. Cain does, and make a murder almost as deeply shocking as the Ruth Snyder-Judd Grey affair so vivid in detail, we will continue to read them.

This novel derives from the sensationalism of America fostered by the daily press. But it may also be the work of a novelist who will go as far as he who wrote "McTeague." Time alone can tell. Certainly there is a place in literature for brutal realism. Mr. Cain has had newspaper training. In the city room one becomes inured to a great many things. But also, that is the place in which to learn compact writing. Mr. Cain has learned it.

# A Shot in the Dark

*LENIN: A Biography. By Ralph Fox. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1934. $2.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

THIS biography of the great leader of the Russian revolution violates every historical principle for which he stood. Lenin was a critical Marxist who, admitting the important role of personality and leadership in history, sought to explain the relationship between the great individual and the historic period in which he lived, the classes within which he worked, and the political party which implements the class will. Mr. Fox's account mentions all the important events in Lenin's life and times but fails to integrate them into a dynamic pattern. There is no clear analysis of the historic significance of Lenin's personal qualities, his conception of *democratically* centralized party organization, and the timeliness of his revolutionary programs. Instead of a rich and penetrating character study of Lenin as a revolutionary philosopher, statesman, and man of action, Mr. Fox presents a conventional and extremely dull portrait of Lenin as a rather colorless and pedestrian "hero" who spoke and commanded his way to power against the arguments and machinations of the enemies of the working-class. One closes the book without knowing what distinctive qualities of thought made Lenin an historically pre-eminent figure.

DETAIL OF DIEGO RIVERA'S LENIN FRESCO

*(Courtesy of the New Workers' School, 51 W. 14th St., New York.) Recently destroyed at Rockefeller Center, this will be one of the works reproduced in Rivera's "Portrait of America," to be published in May by Covici-Friede.*

This biography is heralded as the final result of many years of research based "on a study of all the available printed materials, such as the thirty volumes of Lenin's works, the twenty volumes of documents in the Lenin miscellany, his letters to his relatives, his wife's memoirs, the four volumes of reminiscences of various comrades, the Soviet Press, and the various histories of the Communist Party and of the Revolution." The truth is that it does not contain a single important item of information concerning Lenin and the history of the Russian Revolution which is not already available in existing accounts in *English*. What is much more significant, Mr. Fox has suppressed all mention of many important documents (*e.g.*, Lenin's testament which prophesied with uncanny accuracy the future developments of the Communist Party) and of events like the vacillations of the party leadership (Stalin and others) in their attitude towards Kerensky before Lenin returned from abroad. It is these suppressions together with the peculiar interpretations of the materials treated which reveal the actual animus of this biography.

Simply put, Mr. Fox, who is an official party Communist, believes that one of the chief proofs of Lenin's greatness may be found in his lifelong struggle against the "anti-Bolshevik" Trotsky whose unreliable character he discerned as far back as 1902. Mr. Fox goes to incredible lengths in painting Trotsky as the villain of the piece. Speaking of the first meeting between Lenin and Trotsky, he writes, "His [Lenin's] virtue was that he was quickly able to correct himself if he were deceived in his judgment, and no false sentiment ever kept him tied to a person after once he had found him out. He was nearly a year finding Trotsky out." This not only makes it a mystery, over which Mr. Fox uneasily glides, why Lenin again and again reposed absolute confidence in Trotsky, especially in 1917 when he entrusted the organization of the insurrection to him; it also flatly contradicts the written avowal of Lenin's widow, which Fox suppresses, of Lenin's confession of faith in, and admiration for, his great revolutionary co-worker. Mr. Fox carries his war against Trotsky to a point where it becomes both ridiculous and amusing. He insinuates that Lenin's illness in 1921, which was followed a year later by a stroke, was in part brought on by a discussion with Trotsky who at that time was advocating a plan "approaching the Fascist idea of corporations."(!) Like all official party Communists, without so much as stopping to get rid of embarrassing evidence to the contrary, he coolly hands over to Stalin the historic credit for organizing the revolution and the military defence against intervention which, until now, has been universally attributed to Trotsky. Stalin's own declarations of the heroic role of Trotsky in the defence of Petrograd against Yudenich, Fox deftly suppresses.

Mr. Fox is imposing upon his publishers and his readers. This is not a genuine biography of Lenin and is not intended as such. It is merely another shot in the battle being waged by the followers of Stalin against the principles, the character, and historical achievements of Trotsky. That is the measure of its design and performance. One need not be a follower of Trotsky or agree with any of his views, to cry, "Shame!"

❧ ❧

*Sidney Hook, a member of the department of philosophy of New York University, is the author of "Toward the Understanding of Karl Marx."*

# The New Ecclesiastes

*(Continued from first page)*

what may bring them true happiness. The moral of the play is, in Shaw's own words, "to illustrate that our capitalistic system, with its golden exceptions of idle richery and its leaden rule of anxious poverty is a desperate failure from the point of view of the rich as well as of the poor." The gentleman burglar, Aubrey Bagot, who is the chief actor in this drama of irony, is the son of an atheist father. He has, unknown to his father, gone into Holy Orders and has as fine a gift for preaching as has his creator, and the play affords him fulfilling opportunities for the exercise of his gift. He has the last words in it and they are filled with regenerative implications.

> Our souls go forth in rags now, [he cries] and the young are spying through the holes and getting glimpses of the reality that was hidden. And they are not horrified; they exult in having found us out: they expose their own souls; and when we, their elders, desperately try to patch our torn clothes with scraps of the old material the young lay violent hands on us and tear from us even the rags that were left to us. . . . I am by nature and destiny a preacher, I am the new Ecclesiastes. But I have no Bible, no creed: the war has shot both out of my hands. . . . I have lost my nerve and am intimidated: all I know is that I must find the way of life, for myself and all of us, or we shall surely perish.

"On the Rocks" is a "political comedy." It sets forth the problem of the unemployed under the capitalistic system in the persons of an English Prime Minister and his advisers, who are faced with its solution under a system which admits of no rational one—only a method of force by subjugation or extermination. The Prime Minister is distracted and cannot bring himself to follow the brutal advice of Basham, the Chief of Scotland Yard. In reality he is not a leader of men; he attained his position through the power of his oratory, so that he is unable to cope with the real situation which faces him. Luckily he has a wife who knows him and through her he places himself under the care of a woman doctor in a country sanatorium. When he returns after his rest cure he is a changed man, for now consciously realizing his deficiencies as a statesman, he is man enough to retire. As he looks through the window of his Downing Street residence he hears the unemployed again in tumult, and singing as they march Carpenter's "England, Arise!" "Suppose England really did arise!" he says to his wife as the curtain falls.

Turning from the play to its preface we find that Shaw has taken for his text the suggestion, made in the play by Basham the Police Chief, of the political necessity for killing people. Shaw enters into a detailed examination of this necessity, from executions of single murderers to the slaughter of millions of innocent persons by means of war, methods whitewashed for us under the names of justice and patriotism. But as these are childish evasions of the reality, he devotes his thesis to a thorough examination of this important matter. His examination leads to reaffirmation of the necessity for the extermination of undesirables, but in a civilized society this must be done without cruelty. Perhaps the best way to do it is by the slow method of education, after we have reconstructed our society on an equalitarian basis. In the course of his exposition he refers to the methods employed in Russia and his information is truly enlightening. If a humane reader should have a prejudice against the author for his seeming unemotional treatment of so moving a subject let him read the concluding part of this remarkable preface where Shaw dramatizes the situation in which Pilate was placed when he was compelled to acquiesce in the "liquidation" of Jesus. But, indeed, this entire preface is a masterly piece of Shavian literature. "On the Rocks" is to be produced in New York. But the reader of these plays and prefaces can be assured that he will be interested, amused, and even edified provided he reads them with an unprejudiced mind, and provided also that he is not afraid of the adventure—for reading Shaw is really an enterprise. He should remember that Shaw holds "all Art and Literature is propaganda." Reading Shaw is therefore an adventure in rationalism, and as we are all rationalizers now this should not deter us. Shaw is not the poet taking upon himself the mystery of things and acting as one of God's spies in the Shakespearean sense. He is a mental nutcracker trying to find a nourishing kernel in the fruit offered us for our consumption. If the kernels he lays before us disagree with us they may, perhaps, turn out to be wholesome cathartics. Perhaps, indeed, that is what Shaw thinks we are needing—to cleanse our systems of what he calls "Crosstianity," on which we have fed so long, preparatory to a diet of Christianity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The Saturday Review of Literature*

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Assistant Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 32.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

*Copyright, 1934, Saturday Review Co., Inc.*

## The Socialists Are Crushed

The European crisis proceeds by a series of explosions, one of which has spread death, suffering, and defeat through Austria and France these past weeks. Its cause may be economic, but its nature reveals itself more and more as political, with the theory of persuasion versus achievement by violence as the central issue. For the moment Americans, unlike the natives of continental Europe, are not forced by inescapable circumstance to take an active part in this controversy, but they would be well advised, and may soon be required, to take a position, and this means for every individual clearer thinking than has lately been evident in both radical and conservative publications and in street and house talk everywhere. For the failure of democratic liberalism to prevail in a Europe starved, broken, and disorganized by war and depression, has led here to a frequent bitterness and a still more frequent defeatism wherever peace, war, prosperity, poverty, government, and misgovernment are discussed. Those who believe that the present world muddle is due to the failure of democracy and liberalism are more and more inclined to attack the objectives of democracy and liberalism, as if there were, or had been, something poisonous and corrupting in these objectives. Their disgust with failure is so poignant that they carry over their denunciation from the imperfect means to the ends which the idealists of the nineteenth century hoped to achieve. It is the old story of the bird that fouls its own nest.

Too many welcome violence (like the German Nazis) not as an unhappy necessity in a society muddled beyond the powers of persuasion, but as a philosophy, a principle, a cure-all. They go back step by step in their thinking on that bloody and unhappy road over which history has so painfully evolved ideals of social justice, international coöperation, and conquest by the idea rather than by the sword, until they are ready to wipe out centuries of achievement:—to adopt principles of action that have always been disastrous for the mass of humanity, and to relinquish gains in human freedom which have been secured by infinite struggle. It is not a question with them of how much has to be yielded to necessity; they throw all away—tolerance, reason, personal liberty, independence of thought—like a frightened soldier in retreat. It may be sentimental to proclaim in the world of 1934 that all problems can be settled by the principles of freedom and equality, and foolish to suppose that we can at last, and especially now, put aside all resort to force and trust to human nature, but it is still more weak and absurd to expect of violence what persuasion was unable to accomplish, or to stop wanting a free spirit or social justice because our so-called democracy has not yet guaranteed either.

The most vital distinction in the West today is not between those who believe in a classless society and those who do not: it is not between German and French or Japanese and American; it is between those who, accepting the rising flood of violence everywhere as a setback to human aspirations, hope some day to control it, and to see the currents of mass murder, tyranny, and fanaticism again subsiding,—and these others who stupidly believe that there is some mysterious health in a recurrence of barbarism which of itself will make the world over. In every serious utterance in every civilized language one sees this contrast subtly or openly expressed.

The unhappy Socialists of Austria, for example, are being taunted for a failure to resort to violence in time—despised for their naive trust in methods of peaceful evolution, when prompt and ruthless revolution was their only chance. The taunters may be right, but their thinking is shallow if they stop with the conclusion that an ineffective socialism has been crushed forever because it trusted to the perfectibility of man. This may have happened; but it is also true that the ruthless suppression of social democracy in Germany, followed by this bloody Austrian civil war, has converted millions of socialists inside and outside of Austria into communists, and taught them to rely upon violence and violent revolution as the only weapons that will serve. Thus violence begets violence, which begets violence in its turn. And two million men may die in the future because the honest Catholic peasant Dollfuss could not find a formula which would enable socialist Austrians to work with nationalists of the same country and race. Already the most intelligent and successful attempt to solve the housing problem which could be found anywhere in Europe or America, has been battered to pieces with its inhabitants,—a symbol of the end toward which this defeat of values inevitably leads.

This distinction between a schooling by necessity which may lead to vital changes in methods of government or economics not sacred in themselves, and a fatalistic yielding to that old, unhappy remedy for social disorder, force to the uttermost, has been clearly preserved in literature, which since the nineties of the last century has been more and more deeply concerned with the themes of violence and persuasion. And be it said in praise of literature that in the great modern languages—even in the war years and even now—it is necessary to go out of the field of pure art into pseudo-history and pseudo-philosophy and pseudo-science to find these issues as confused as they have been and are in the popular mind. Literary art has been acutely aware of the coming struggle for power by violence. It has been sensitive from Kipling on to new types of ruthlessness. It has been acutely sensitive to the horror of the simple man dragged by forces beyond his control into conflicts where death and mutilation were no more agonizing than his sense of useless sacrifice. It has been sensitive to the new spiritual menace of a kind of war which is not a glamour, a glory, and a dangerous life, but a fatalism that grips and then deadens the imagination. But no poem, no play, no novel of first-rate quality has been so stupidly insensitive to the human qualities that we have so laboriously built since the end of the Dark Ages, as to celebrate violence as an end in itself. Only politicians, fanatics, sadists, neurotics, and a stupidly impressionable populace are capable of that sin against the Holy Ghost.

---

According to recent reports from London H. G. Wells is about to embark upon his first film. He is planning a portrayal of civilization a century and a half from the present when the machine will be supreme, and gigantic forces will be released at the turn of a switch. He has taken as a tentative title, "Whither Mankind?"

"IT'S THE INQUIRING REPORTER."

## To the Editor: *Rebuttal on the Liberal Critics*

### From Bernard Smith

SIR: It would be absurd for me even to attempt to reply, in the space allowed me for a letter, to Mr. J. Donald Adams's long article and your editorial on my piece, "The Liberals Grow Old." But I cannot resist the temptation to explain why I feel that my analysis of liberal criticism has not only not been answered but has in fact been confirmed.

My essay had just one purpose and one point: the purpose was to picture the melancholy state of liberal criticism, the point to indicate that American literature will be neither guided nor inspired by liberal criticism in the future. I made no prophecies, I offered no substitutes, I recommended no programs. . . .

In your editorial you practically admitted that my portrait of the liberals was substantially correct, but you went on to say that I am wrong in what I would have them do. I submit that I said nothing about what I would have them do. And if you are really convinced that skepticism is a virtue beneficial to American literature in its present condition, I cannot argue with you. I can only say that I disagree. I must add this: you attack "Marxists" by accusing them of making various ridiculous statements about Poe, Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau, and Miss Cather; I know of no *Marxist* who made such statements, and certainly *I* did not make them.

Mr. Adams's article was, of course, a masterpiece of irrelevancy. Only half a column out of his seven columns dealt with my own essay. It is ironical that in half of that half a column he argued that I was wrong about Ludwig Lewisohn, while only two pages away was a letter from Mr. Lewisohn which amply justified my position. Mr. Lewisohn confessed that once he was a liberal and that liberalism is rootless, but since he has given all that up, said he, and has gone back to an orthodox religion—the religion of his fathers—it is not true that he is bitter and alone. I submit that for a man like Mr. Lewisohn to return to his fathers is an act out of bitterness and loneliness. What has Mr. Adams to say to that and to Mr. Lewisohn's repudiation of liberalism?

In that other half a column Mr. Adams said I was right about Van Wyck Brooks but for the wrong reason. That is Jesuitry. . . . However, although it is entirely beside the point, I am not unwilling to enter into a discussion with you or Mr. Adams about Marxism, communism, liberty, or individualism. But not now. I should like you and Mr. Adams first to consider a few questions, so that we may have equivalent understandings of certain primary facts.

You challenge the Marxists by announcing that "man is more than a formula." Who conceived man as a formula—the bourgeois economists and philosophers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, or Marx and Lenin?

Mr. Adams quotes a passage by Lunarcharsky as an accepted principle of Marxist criticism. Has he never been told that Lunarcharsky spoke for himself only and that most Soviet critics disagreed with him and attacked him?

Mr. Adams sneers at the communist striving for universal material security and suggests that it is the chief ideal of the movement. Those whose eyes and hearts have been open these past few years need not comment on such a sneer—but has Mr. Adams never heard that communist philosophers are interested in material security simply because it releases man for the enjoyment of leisure, love, nature, and art?

Mr. Adams declares triumphantly that literary criticism is concerned with character and morals as well as sociology. What Marxist has denied it?

Mr. Adams defends individualism. Is he talking about economics or personality? Has he never encountered a communist attack upon regimentation—such as that produced by American life?

Mr. Adams's peroration is a plea for courage. Courage for what?

I could go on endlessly. Let me end by assuring Mr. Adams that his wild and unconsidered remark about communism being negative and cowardly is unworthy of him; that his remark about character being more often the product of heredity than environment will be astonishing news to the great geneticists (Professors T. H. Morgan, H. Muller, Launcelot Hogben, and J. B. S. Haldane); and that his hint that science is no longer materialistic will be, to most scientists, the repetition of a familiar and annoying fallacy. Mr. Adams should remember that when Millikan, Eddington, and Jeans write on philosophy they write as private citizens and not as scientists. Mr. Adams, read tomorrow Professor H. Levy's "The Universe of Science."

It has all been very edifying, and amusing.

BERNARD SMITH.

New York City.

### From J. Donald Adams

SIR: In the article in which I replied to Mr. Smith I took the trouble, before explaining my objections to his thesis, to reproduce its substance as accurately as I could. It is unfortunate that in his references to Dr. Canby and myself, Mr. Smith has not exercised a similar caution.

Mr. Smith now argues that I wrote irrelevantly to his contention. What could be more relevant than to demonstrate that the whole drift of that contention was beside the point so far as literature and literary criticism are concerned? That was what my article undertook to do.

So far as Mr. Lewisohn is concerned, whatever may have happened to his liberalism has no bearing upon my article. I referred to him and to Mr. Brooks only

(*Continued on page* 515)

*The Saturday Review* recommends

**This Group of Current Books:**

COME IN AT THE DOOR. By WILLIAM MARCH. *Smith & Haas.* How an early experience in horror shadows a boy's life shown in a novel of the South.

THE IDEA OF NATIONAL INTEREST. By CHARLES A. BEARD. *Macmillan.* A study of America's foreign relations.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. By SIGNE TOGSVIG. *Harcourt, Brace.* The biography of an ugly duckling.

**This Less Recent Book:**

PORTRAIT OF A DIPLOMATIST. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Houghton Mifflin.* A delightful biography of the author's father.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Southern Boy's Life in a Dramatic Novel

*COME IN AT THE DOOR. By William March. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WELBOURN KELLEY

NOT since Thomas Wolfe wrote "Look Homeward, Angel" has there been such a book as this novel by William March. But whereas I, for one, have marvelled from afar and have never been quite able to make up my mind about Mr. Wolfe's book, I feel certain that "Come in at the Door" is deliberate writing, that it is not due principally to a searingly-alive memory and an accident of environment, as "Look Homeward, Angel" just possibly could have been.

Mr. March has given us a brilliant addition to the list of brilliant novels that have come out of the South in the last few years. But he has added one distinguishing mark which so many other of the best Southern novels have lacked: he has written in good taste without any sacrifice of truth and realism. This statement is made with full knowledge that the term "good taste" is dangerous in this day of literary liberty. But I insist that Mr. March has lost no effect, has shaded no value, and that none of the shorter and more pungent Anglo-Saxon descriptives is used in the accomplishment.

The author has grouped ten full-length characters about one central figure, a sensitive, introverted boy growing into manhood. That is the only comparison between this book and any other I have ever read, and there is no comparison. A novel could have been written about any of these ten characters, yet the reader never forgets that they are secondary to Chester Hurry, who is eight years old when the story opens in Mississippi soon after the turn of the present century.

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "COME IN AT THE DOOR."

Chester's father, Robert Hurry, is a harshly ineffectual man grown strained and silent, a type so often seen in the South at the end of several generations of unproductive gentility. Chester's nurse is Mitty, statuesque and jet black, who also is his father's mistress.

Mitty's jealousy of Chester's affection for Baptiste, his mulatto tutor, brings about the climax of the first part of the book. Mitty indirectly causes Baptiste's death, by hanging—a scene which Mr. March wisely underlines with lack of emphasis and thereby makes doubly effective and almost unbearable for the reader.

The boy, the horror of the swinging Negro burned into his memory, is sent to another part of Mississippi to live with the family of his grandfather, Frank Tarleton. I believed in this family from the first—in supernormal Grand-aunt Sarah, in tatooed Uncle Bushrod and his painted wife, Ruby (Uncle Bushrod knew she was a harlot), and in brusque, kindly, slightly masculine Aunt Bessie—but I said "These people are mad." Then I realized that they were people I had known only slightly until William March let me see under their surfaces: people I had known no better than I have known some of my closest friends.

But even a recitation of characters and events in this packed novel would take up more space than is possible in a review. For instance, there is still bright-haired, baby-faced Addie, whom Chester marries, and with whom I was in love as long as Chester and Mr. March loved her. And Addie's ex-sailor father, Jim. And Aunt Lillian. And more.

The denouement of the book is startling, unbelievable, and just what one would have expected if one had been thinking ahead with the writer. It occurs when Chester returns to the home of his childhood upon the death of his father, and but for a miracle of writing it would be sensational and shocking. But here again a lack of emphasis proves a test of ability.

Mr. March first showed this ability in "Company K." "Come in at the Door" is therefore not a fulfilment of promise but a continuation of accomplishment.

There are a few conclusions by induction which one can dispute, such as that happiness is possessed only by those who are not fully awake. And there are a few deplorable instances of proofreading in an otherwise capably designed book. But these criticisms are quibbling. There is no doubt that persons who pretend to keep abreast of the finest in the contemporary novel will have to read this book sooner or later.

And, finally, I should like to suggest a close reading of the book to the selection and award committees who give prizes to American novels. The Pulitzer Prize has gone to lesser novels than "Come in at the Door."

# Case History

*COVERING TWO YEARS. By I. V. Morris. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock.* 1934. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IN this novel a sincere attempt has been made to study the state of mind of a young woman who, in the language of the day, is an introvert afflicted by an inferiority complex. Because of her heritage, because of her feverish love for another young woman, because of her "unfaithfulness" to that love and its consequences, Judith Mahon, when we first meet her at the age of thirty-three, is an apathetic and morbid person who despises her ineffectual, dowdy self and longs only for death.

That any man should again come into her life seems impossible to her—and to us. Yet Morton Haliday is drawn to her, more perhaps by his own curiosity than by any attraction of the woman herself. He expresses his feeling by saying that "her appeal was psychic rather than physical or mental." His efforts to overcome the effects of the past and her responses to the normal ways of living that he would provide for her occupy the latter part of the book. In the end, however, she slips back to the unrealities of a hermitlike existence, and we leave her, as we found her, uniquely occupied by her misery, her memories, and her games of solitaire.

Judith's case is undoubtedly one for an expert pathologist (it seems strange, by the way, that neither her Beacon Street uncle nor her Beekman Place husband consulted one), and whether or not Mr. Morris has correctly interpreted it must be left to professional counsel. One suspects that a thyroid deficiency might offer a better explanation than the cant terminology of psychoanalysis. At any event, the author has presented a recognizable case of a woman enmeshed in recognizable tangles.

Unfortunately, his presentation lacks the subtlety and sophistication that so ambitious a theme demanded. Abrupt transitions of plot, leaning heavily on dreams and premonitions, parenthetical flashes of jejune philosophy, and ineptitudes of language that range from banalities of phrase to serious grammatical slips, all reveal the tyro. One is occasionally reminded of a little girl decked out in grown-up finery who unexpectedly sticks out her tongue. Immaturities of technique, thought, and language would matter less in this instance if the theme itself did not demand expertness, penetration, and distinction. Julian Green at his best might have given us a credible and significant Judith Mahon; most of our younger writers would have failed. In the circumstances, this first novel upon a difficult subject has accomplished more than might have been expected. There are pages that raise hopes of completely satisfying work in the future.

# The Celluloid Athens

*FALLING STAR. By Vicki Baum. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1934. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN C. MOSHER

SINCE curiosity about Hollywood and the doings of its inmates seems to be a prevailing concern in our American life, this novel, by Vicki Baum of "Grand Hotel" fame, should have a bannered army of readers. The substantial fan magazine public, for instance, those unnumbered hordes, should certainly include "Falling Star" in the course of their research for this winter. It is possible that Frau Baum has devised a *roman à clef*, that these persons she writes about have their originals in the secret stories, (if one can imagine a screen star with anything secret), of those living beings whose faces grace the screens day after day everywhere. As I have no special knowledge myself of what the performers are up to in their off hours I cannot give a hint actually as to who or what is meant beyond the surface of the lines.

"Falling Star" is a story of studio life, of the very great and royal of that world, with some attention given the very obscure, whose extremity too provides of course a lurid note. Little time is spent, I rather regret, on those middling successes, those adequate performers, directors, and the like, who must make up the bulk of the population in this film capital, this celluloid Athens. I think a little more consideration of these worthies might lend any book on the scene there a greater reality. Reality, though, is something one seldom feels in any account of Hollywood. The town is always unreal. It is always puzzling, the more puzzling of course as every report or opinion on it differs from all the others. The most publicized town on earth, it remains fantastic, unimaginable, to all outsiders. Perhaps that is to its advantage.

It is not to be said that Vicki Baum suggests a lack of familiarity with her subject matter. As a reporter she is excellent. But "Falling Star" is a love story, very much a love story, far too much perhaps. And it is in her leading man, her hero, her star that falls, that Vicki Baum is probably most unfortunate. At the beginning of the book, "Oliver" is at the height of his greatness. As Frau Baum writes about him he is unlike any star of the moment. No one, I should say, has such a position in the films now, although something of the Valentino grandeur haunts his career as well as the very Valentino tragedy of his end. This is my only contribution, I must say hurriedly, to the *roman à clef* theory. Unlike Valentino this "Oliver" is an Englishman, an Oxford graduate, of the great name of Drake, which he has however abandoned for his film career out of pride and delicacy, this being only one of the rather bizarre attributes and unique characteristics for an actor given him by the author. He is "the handsomest man in the world," blond, wears brilliantine, and a small chip diamond ring, and has an ailment of the stomach which eventually proves fatal. He seems to me the most un-English young man in fiction, and his temperaments, manners, everything, as given here, are decidedly on the South European model.

The lady of the story, a film star, too, but on the edge of disaster, is from Southern Europe, from Bucharest, and Frau Baum's technique handles her better. She seems alive, like no special star perhaps, but like many we have read about, and her story is clearer because the romantic interest is subordinate in her to the ambitious objective, a point of view which often makes the picture of an actor more convincing somehow. Around her and her career and her romance, intrigue seethes in the grand manner. Rivals are ousted, producers cajoled, and all with such violence and melodrama that at last one doesn't envy any victory the poor woman achieves. That she is not allowed much triumph at the end seems part of the Vicki Baum point of view, though the author may feel the unhappy ending to be the vogue now.

There isn't much humor in this book of Hollywood grandeur. There is even less humor than there is tranquillity. Perhaps that is true of the town itself. Perhaps that town where the comics of the world congregate is a pretty grim affair after all. Yet I think that some humor might help a bit to give the picture of Hollywood a reality. We might feel then that we had really read about the place itself at last. Our curiosity about it might be satisfied. Then we wouldn't have to think about Hollywood any more, which would be quite wonderful.

❧ ❧

*John C. Mosher is motion picture critic of* The New Yorker.

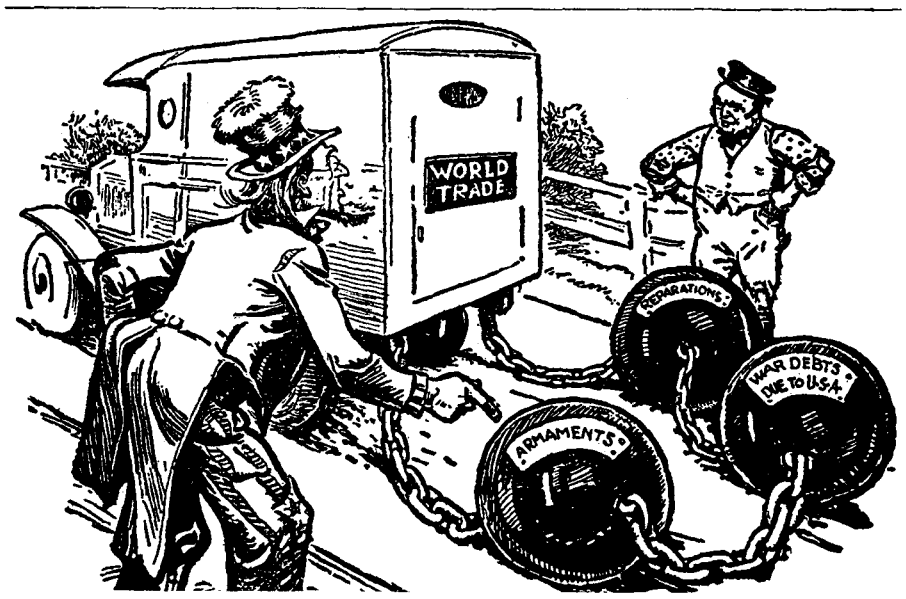
# America in Foreign Affairs

(*Continued from first page*)

as concerned with the regulation of the various interests, often conflicting, which society presented, while with Hamilton the idea of national interest took the "positive and definite" form of "a consolidation of commercial, manufacturing, financial, and agricultural interests at home," diplomatic promotion of foreign trade and its defense by a navy, "the supremacy of the United States in the Western hemisphere, and the use of military and naval strength in the rivalry of nations to secure economic advantages for citizens of the United States."

The two fields of American foreign policy in which Professor Beard undertakes to trace the historical development of national interest are those of territorial expansion and foreign trade. Reviewing the long history of territorial acquisition on the continent and overseas, the former for land and the latter for trade, Professor Beard notes that while national interest was the standpoint from which the expansion policy was followed, "at no time was there anything approaching a united front, except after the country had become involved in war," that each type of expansion had its favoring and opposing groups, that each was "connected with the maintenance of partisan supremacy in domestic politics," and that each "associated with itself a certain philosophy of civilization carrying with it international implications," all the way from the narrow nationalism of Jefferson to the Republican assumption of "international responsibilities."

American interest in foreign relations and foreign trade, Professor Beard finds, is not at all the recent thing that is often




AN ENGLISH VIEW OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

*A cartoon from* News of the World *(London), reproduced from "The March of Democracy," by James Truslow Adams.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supposed. On the contrary, both foreign relations and foreign trade, "with all their implications of world power," appear as a continuous national interest from the earliest days of the Republic until 1913. Jefferson and his Democratic disciples, to be sure, were most concerned to obtain markets for agricultural products, while Federalists, Whigs, and Republicans encouraged domestic manufactures, aided shipping, developed the navy, and even resorted to force "in aid of private enterprise," but in each case there was more or less systematic action on the part of government in behalf of foreign trade. When President Taft, in 1912, laid down the dictum that "modern diplomacy is commercial" he believed that he saw "the dawn of a 'new age' in American diplomacy, although what he beheld seemed very much like the fires of Federalist *Machtpolitik* kept glowing through the years, especially by the navy, and fanned into flame by the economic intensities of the twentieth century." The eight years of the Wilson régime were marked by pronounced opposition to "dollar diplomacy" and the commercial expansion which it represented, but expansion was resumed with new vigor as the country returned to "normalcy" and the Commerce and State departments enlarged their activities in promoting, regulating, and protecting foreign trade, and continued at a still more rapid tempo as there was added to trade "the quest for privileges, investment opportunities . . . and special rights."

As illustrations of national interest in action, Professor Beard examines at length the relations between the United States and Nicaragua, where "the foundations for the security of American interests . . . were firmly laid by diplomatic and naval action on the part of the United States government," and between the United States and China, in which latter country American policy appears as "primarily economic in object." To these Mr. Smith adds two minutely detailed chapters on the American financial and commercial stake abroad. Many readers will be surprised to learn that the volume of American exports "has remained relatively constant over a long period of years," and has not been materially affected by the change from agriculture to the factory system or from the latter to mass production, or by the abandonment of "isolation" with its accompaniment of a small navy and the turn to imperialism, a large navy, and vigorous trade promotion. "An increase in the export of machines, methods, and services connected with the newer operations of mass production," however, "has been a marked element, indicating that continuous technological advances have been prominent features in sustaining the export level."

"All foreign policies," Professor Beard reminds us, "are internally as well as externally conditioned," and an attempt to draw a hard and fast distinction between domestic and foreign affairs may result in "misleading conceptions concerning the processes of national life and their actual ramifications throughout the texture of world societies." His pursuit of the idea of national interest, accordingly, leads to consideration of American tariff policy, with its side-issue of reciprocity, national defense, "the supreme consideration of every government," the development of a merchant marine, and the control of immigration—all of them "outward thrusts of power which produce repercussions in various parts of the world." Toward the end of the nineteenth century a new element appeared in expressions by directors of American foreign policy of a "moral obligation to embark upon projects for uplifting, civilizing, or Christianizing other peoples beyond the confines of the country." The former principle of abstention was first broken, apparently, in the case of Samoa, was further repudiated in the war with Spain, frequently challenged by Theodore Roosevelt, and sweepingly set aside by Woodrow Wilson. The morality of the obligation, however, is properly characterized by Professor Beard as "earthly."

> Although accompanied by great enthusiasm, conviction, and sense of rectitude, it cannot be called a sacrificial morality without self-regardant aspects, . . . nor do efforts to spread it under government auspices extend beyond places where it can be realized in conjunction with economic advantages to American citizens and with a reasonable degree of safety and expedition.

The term moral obligation is "effective for domestic purposes mainly."

Such, in briefest outline, is national interest as exhibited in American foreign policy. How is it interpreted, advanced, and applied? Something of interpretation emerges vaguely from the business world, but the chief and obvious agencies are the President, the departments of State and Commerce, Congress, the administrative bureaucracy, and the practice of diplomacy. Professor Beard criticizes the Department of State as "still lacking in the centralization and equipment necessary for dealing organically and effectively with economic matters involved in diplomacy," and the Department of Commerce for basing its reports in general "on the assumptions of current and popular business philosophy" and for having made "on its own motion . . . no broad inquiry into the total effect of export practices on American economy, viewed in the light of permanent national interest." For the ultimate enforcement of national interest there remains the resort to war, and Professor Beard is unable to see that, in spite of the Paris peace pact, any state is debarred from going to war in its discretion if it regards war as necessary to enforce its own conception of its national interest.

Professor Beard concludes his study by pointing out that the two great historical views of national interest which, for convenience, may be labeled with the names of Jefferson and Hamilton, are "in process of fusion and dissolution," and that "a new conception, with a positive core and nebulous implications, is arising out of the past and is awaiting formulation." He finds "fragments" of the new conception in the policies and measures of President Roosevelt, but he does not permit himself more than a bare allusion to the possible trend. Until his second volume appears, we must await not only his larger deductions from the history which he has examined and his indication of the policy of national interest which a changed time demands, but also the extension of his definition beyond the views of statesmen and publicists and the policies of government with which, thus far, he is primarily concerned. Meantime the present volume stands as far and away the most mature and thoughtful piece of work that Professor Beard has done. Weighty in substance, serious in tone, and restrained though keen in its criticism, its outstanding quality is its intellectual and social comprehension of the particular national interests which have affected the foreign policy of the United States. If the philosophy which is to come fits the analysis which we now have, Professor Beard will have made a notable contribution to the understanding of American history.

# An Archivist's Washington

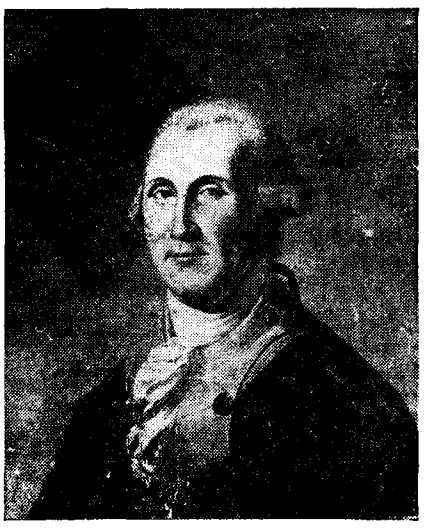
*GEORGE WASHINGTON HIMSELF. A Common-Sense Biography. Written from His Manuscripts. By John C. Fitzpatrick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

IN a previous number of this *Review* I enjoyed the privilege of praising Dr. Fitzpatrick's bicentennial edition of the Writings of Washington. It is the one outstanding achievement of the recent celebration, destined to keep its memory green when all the trumpery parades and empty oratory are forgotten, and to crown Dr. Fitzpatrick's most honorable career as searcher of the archives. Even in that great work, however, certain curiosities of critical procedure were to be noted; and now, in the biography which is based on it, they become of primary importance. The discussion is rendered especially difficult by the fact that Dr. Fitzpatrick has in the main a sound understanding of Washington's greatness and is everywhere moved by a passionately pious desire to defend it against sensation mongers. It were easier to dance the tight-rope than preserve the balance of due respect while debunking the debunker of debunkers.

Dr. Fitzpatrick is doubtless well within the truth in saying that the twelve volumes of Jared Sparks plus the fourteen volumes of Worthington Ford "contain less than half of Washington's letters." To anyone who has ranged the manuscript department of the Library of Congress, not to mention half a dozen other repositories, this will seem a conservative understatement. Credulity balks, however, when he declares that "the unpublished material contains as heavy a percentage of important letters as the published," and denounces preceding biographers as having "cheerily rushed into print with so-called complete lives" while "less than half the facts were at their command." Whatever else may be said of the embattled debunkers, their works give evidence of very considerable servitude both in the Library of Congress and elsewhere. Nor is it possible that Messrs. Sparks and Ford, impeachable though they are on many grounds, were so lacking in critical sense that a merely chance selection would be likely to yield as high a "percentage" of important letters as their laborious winnowing. Dr. Fitzpatrick's own biography affords the means of judging the truth of his stupendous claim. He covers the most varied and momentous career in American history in five hundred pages of large type. In that brief compass he purports to rewrite several episodes which are not without importance; but it may be questioned whether scrutiny of the evidence he adduces will allay more of doubt than it provokes.

He is especially severe upon "amateur soldiers" and "self-appointed military critics" for questioning Washington's genius in generalship. What military qualification his own lifelong service as an archivist has given him he does not specify. For myself I can only say that, out of an utter and abysmal ignorance in such matters, I am inclined to agree heartily with his main conclusions—and had already arrived at something very like them from an incidental reading of Sparks and Ford. In the absence of overwhelming and indubitable evidence to the contrary, it is probable that Washington knew what he was about.



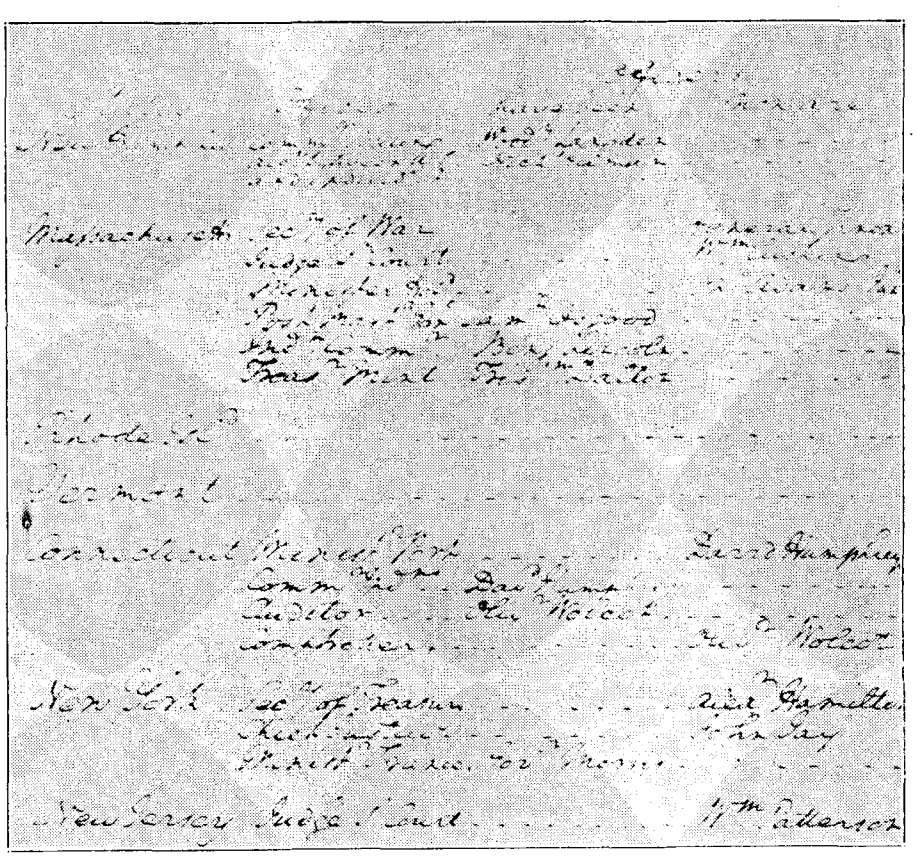
GEORGE WASHINGTON

*A portrait by Charles Wilson Peale, from the Rupert Hughes biography* (*Morrow*).

The boy Washington has been denounced, alike by amateur soldiers and experienced military men, for taking up his stand against the French and Indians at Fort Necessity in Great Meadows—in the open and exposed to fire from the cover of woods and from surrounding high ground. Mr. Fitzpatrick is perhaps correct in saying that the high ground is out of musket range, though he adduces no measurements. But he speaks of the French attack as having taken place "from the edge of the forest," and sharpshooters have been known to climb trees.

So also with the defense of New York and the battle of Long Island. No one has questioned that military strategy alone required the destruction of the city and the devastation of Westchester County entire. John Jay was no soldier, but he urged this, though his own beloved Bedford House would have been sacrificed. But Congress balked at a measure so drastic, fearing the effect on the popular mind; and Washington obeyed without a murmur, doing his utmost to defend an indefensible position against a greatly superior army and a vast fleet. Mr. Fitzpatrick explains this as the result of his firm resolve to respect always, as a staunch "republican," the paramount authority of the civil government over the army, and indeed that is one of the perennially amazing heroisms of this most amazing man. Congress never quite succeeded in being more stupid and vacillating than he was wisely humble and majestically heroic. But the fact remains that even after the defeat he wrote to Congress: "Till of late I had no doubt in my own mind of defending this place, nor should I have yet, if the men would do their duty." The things that Virginia farmer was capable of may not always have been "war," but they were certainly magnificent; and the hope persists that some even more military archivist may yet clear up the question of his judgment in hoping to hold New York.

The "hitherto insoluble mystery of the Conway Cabal" Dr. Fitzpatrick attempts to solve by picturing the opposition in Congress to Washington and ferreting out



A PAGE OF WASHINGTON'S TENTATIVE LIST OF APPOINTMENTS

*From "Facsimiles of Famous American Documents and Letters" (Blue Ribbon Books).*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a "plot" to remove him from command. In his simple psychology, the opposition in Congress was swayed by petty personal ambitions. Chief among the congressional "cabal" were Samuel Adams, "than whom a more unscrupulous demagogue never existed," and Richard Henry Lee, whose denial that there was a clique and a plot against Washington in Congress Dr. Fitzpatrick brands as patently false. Lee was swayed by a desire to keep his preposterous brother, Arthur, in a diplomatic post abroad! But the chief offenders were the Massachusetts delegation, headed by the Adamses and James Lovell. The Revolution and its army had originally been theirs, and they could not bear to see them pass permanently under control of a Virginia general and a Congress in which Massachusetts was so often outvoted. There was besides an ancient sectarian element in the controversy, the New England "Roundheads" opposed to the "Cavaliers" of the South.

In all this there is an element of truth, a truth that cannot be too clearly established. But it has long been known to historians through, among other printed sources, the Works of John Adams, the Warren-Adams-Lovell Letters, and Burnett's Letters of Members of the Continental Congress. John Adams, by far the greatest of the Congressional "cabal," escaped its direst madness by being sent abroad on a diplomatic mission; but, in spite of later denials, he is on record as favoring not only an election of generals but an annual election—including the Commander-in-Chief. Such follies are, indeed, both petty and rank; but they are very far from being the whole truth. Before Sam Adams made a fool of himself, he earned the title of Father of the Revolution. In the first great Congresses he and John Adams had the statesmanship to see that a declaration of independence could be most speedily achieved by a combination of Virginia aristocrats and New England republicans. In order to sink local jealousies in a truly national feeling, they strove for the appointment of a Southerner to the chief command, John Adams himself nominating Washington. Their subsequent defection is a sad reminder of human frailty; but it may be noted that it roils Washington's latest biographer much more deeply than it ever roiled Washington.

There remains Dr. Fitzpatrick's disposal of "the Sally Fairfax nonsense." Evidence has long been at hand, which recent biographers generally accept as conclusive, that from a very early age Washington was in love with the wife of his best friend and good neighbor, George William Fairfax, and that the feeling persisted throughout his life, the marriage with Martha Custis being *de convenance*. Not even the debunkers can imagine that the love was ever adulterous. There is no reason to believe that Washington acted with less than his customary probity and self restraint, and there is every reason to believe that Sally kept him gaily and mockingly at bay, refusing even to exchange letters with him when he was fighting on the Indian frontier. All the evidence indicates that the affair was widely known to the Washington-Fairfax connection, and it is certain that, first and last, Martha treated Sally as good neighbor and good friend. To most modern minds the story is one of great dignity, charm, and pathos. Yet Dr. Fitzpatrick will have none of it. To suffer even the most distant love for another man's wife is to be "completely lacking in gentlemanly instincts," to be "a worthless scoundrel." To read the evidence as other biographers have done is to have "an imagination unresponsive to the niceties of honor and good breeding."

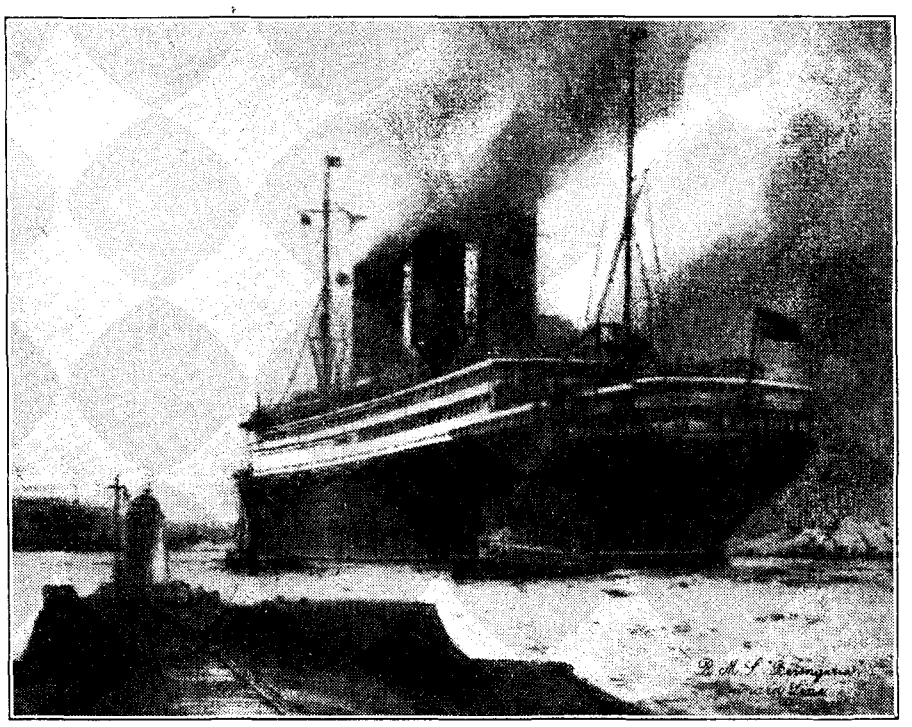
Stoutly as Dr. Fitzpatrick champions Washington, and in the main convincingly, it must be said that he has a plentiful lack of biographical tact and technique of modesty. If he had claimed an achievement less stupendous his very real service would stand out in clearer light. In matters of major import he has raised several very interesting questions, and everywhere his vast researches have shed new light upon matters already known. His book must and will be read by all true Washingtonians.

# The Bowling Green

## Below Zero

IT always abashes me to think how many experts one would have to call on in order to tell anything in full. I would need Sir Josiah Stamp to explain why 25 million dollars' worth of English gold was hustled into the strongroom of the *Berengaria* and why every hour's delay would cost someone money. (You and me, probably, eventually.) I would need the Weather Man to explain why 14° below zero that morning, though crystalline clear on Manhattan, caused a fog in the Ambrose Channel. It was February 9, the coldest day New York City has ever recorded, and the vapor steaming up from the much warmer sea-water wrapped *Berengaria* in fog up to B deck. So there she lay waiting; and the *Mauretania* and the *Rotterdam* too, and stubby little *Pan-America*.

The Federal Reserve and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street may have been tapping their toes impatiently but all this was fine for F. R. and me. We had planned to go to the Cunard pier to meet a kinsman known irreverently as the Loch Ness Monster. When we learned that the ship was going to be hours late we had a great idea. Perhaps we could go down to Quarantine in the customs cutter. We asked permission in the proper quarters, and they said yes—if we could get there in time. We hastened to the subway. When we reached the office of the Collector, that magnificent room in the Custom House which has so often been for us a prelude to adventure, Mr. Stuart and Mr. Lessing had a pass ready for us but feared the cutter might have left. There was a moment of acute anxiety while waiting for a telephone connection. Accustomed these several years to successions of bad luck, Felix and I almost assumed ourselves frustrated. But no: we got to the Barge Office just on the tick. Commander Dempwolf saw us safely aboard the cutter *Raritan*. We looked at each other. From now on, we said to ourselves, things are really going to be better. So nice a conjunction of times and chances puts one in a better vibration. Every living creature, I read in the newspaper, has its own special wavelength; which, if tuned in upon, may produce extraordinary results. Perhaps 1934 was going to be somewhere closer to our own frequency.



R. M. S. *BERENGARIA*

It was 12:30; the cabin was packed tight with ship-news men and customs officers who had been waiting patiently for several hours. We slipped into the galley where a good-natured mess boy allowed us huge mugs of the best and hottest coffee. It was good to hug the stove, looking over the open half-door at the ice-choked slip. But when we got under way we went outdoors. The harbor was clotted with floating cakes. Shaped in jigsaw patterns (mostly great trapezoids) they outlined the mechanics of surface tension more clearly than I had ever seen before. When a tug went creaming through the broken floe inshore you could see the wave building up ahead of her, and the hollow sucking behind her stern. Except a couple of news-reel men, always the hardiest, we had the deck mostly to ourselves, and kept to leeward. It was cold; it really was. Felix, a veteran of the Arctic (he once spent a winter in Spitzbergen), said this seemed more bitter than that. We grinned to recall that the last time we had been on shipboard together was in the *Malolo*, a balmy day at San Pedro in Southern California, nearly a year ago; and that we were both wearing the same clothes as then; for good and sufficient reason. "How would you like to be abandoning ship in weather like this?" asked Felix, who has made a professional study of the details of sea courage. For the first time in a long while I thought affectionately of some long woollen underwear I bought in Halifax.

❧ ❧

*Berengaria* lay massive at Quarantine. We came alongside the *Rotterdam* first, to put her inspectors aboard. As we did so a tall well-known figure came riding up the Narrows. At first we thought she was plated in ice, she shone so white; then realized she was painted so for tropical cruising. It was *Mauretania*, in from the West Indies. Famous old lady of the seas, she went smoothly by, lowering her blue ensign in courtesy. The particular pleasure of her four high funnels, closely set and with a sort of onward suggestion, is too subtle ever to have been justly described. She seems delightfully old-fashioned already, so much tall hamper to catch resistance; but what a history she has. Much of those upper works is streamlined away in the new ships. Later in the afternoon we saw the *Bremen* at her berth uptown; it was odd to note how much smaller she looks than older ships of considerably less burthen. On *Mauretania's* white hull we first observed something we saw closer when we came alongside the other ships. Paint was flaking off in great strips. On *Berengaria's* deckhouses the thick ivory coating was crackled in loose slabs. The steel underneath, contracting with cold, had buckled it loose by the yard. The next day I saw the same thing on many big motor trucks round the city. That must have been a profitable weather for the paint makers. Ourselves, hard-working proletarians, could not resist a small grin at the feelings of the West Indies trippers, coming back from the dulcet Caribbean in their lightest gear. Some of the loveliest knees in New York may well have been chapped that afternoon on the pier at 14th Street.

I did not like the look of the ladder they put down from *Berengaria's* side. Just a skinny wooden trellis, freshly varnished, and there was a drip from somewhere above that froze shinily on the rungs. I think it was then that Felix made his remark about abandoning ship. There was a gap of unpleasantly cold-looking water between the hulls. A ruddy and competent mariner was on the lookout at the top of the climb—but I noticed that the prudent customs men mostly wore rubbers for better footing. Anyhow, up we went without a miss. I saw no more of the news men, who hastened to the First Class. It is an old newspaper tradition, and a wrong one I think, that the First Class always has the important tidings. It has at any rate the more luxurious grub, which is reasonably in the mind of a reporter who has hung about the harbor for six hours. Felix and I, knowing the ways of members of the Club, made for the more congenial Tourist. Numb as we were, the big idea was something hot and Scotch. We found our quarry finishing his lunch and took him cleanly by surprise. But it was an ironic moment, though. He was digging into a plate of strawberry ice cream.

As a matter of statistics, let one more detail be recorded. Even hot double Scotches in the smokeroom didn't seem as calorific as we had expected. After sitting a while we noticed a thermometer. This was indoors, mind you, and full steam circulating. The mercury said 48.

But the coldest-looking thing along the water-front that afternoon was the poor old *Leviathan*, rusting away in Hoboken. Keep a great ship's nose turned inland too long, how ashamed of herself she looks. What a scene for a story, those cold abandoned corridors.

❧ ❧

TOM AND JERRY

SIR:—Found in *ROBERT E. LEE* by Robert W. Winston to be published by William Morrow & Co.:—

> During the Christmas holidays of 1826 Lee and his friend Joe Johnston, were invited by their fellows to a grand eggnog—a drinking frolic forbidden by the rules. Now a foaming eggnog, with nutmeg temptingly decorating the top, was not unwelcome to young Lee. This appetizing drink suggested, no doubt, his favorite beverage, the well-known Tom and Jerry, for which he shortly named a span of saddle nags. [Lee as Cadet at West Point.]
>
> These two horses, Tom and Jerry, were undoubtedly named for a popular drink, a hot whiskey punch served so hot that a mug was a necessary receptacle. And, in this connection it would seem that Lee, though pulsing with life, was not dependent upon a temperance society or a statute to keep sober! We find him, indeed, writing his brother, "Can you, my dear Smith, through any of your comrades get me a box or two of claret, one of brandy, and four colored shirts?"

R. R.

New York City

❧ ❧

326—DOYLE (A. CONAN). THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. 1894. £10.

The Earl of Rosebery's copy bought by him on publication when he was Prime Minister of England and with his 10 Downing Street bookplate. At the end of the book he has written "again March, 1895 again Feb. 18, 1901."

This item, which Stephen Benét found in Elkin Matthews' latest catalogue, should really be entered in the records of the Baker Street Irregulars.

❧ ❧

Bookmen throughout the country have lost a valiant friend in the death (February 12) of A. M. Robertson—universally loved as "Alec"—the dean of San Francisco booksellers. His shop on Union Square was known to every literary visitor. Mr. Robertson was the son of a Scottish '49er, had been himself an adventurer in the gold and silver mines, and a personal friend of all the great California writers. He was in his 79th year. The business is continued by his son Harry.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by J. E. NEALE
of the University of London

Queen Elizabeth

*The great woman ruler fully interpreted at last in a great biography*

**THE CRITICS SPEAK—AND AGREE**

WALLACE NOTESTEIN, YALE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH HISTORY, IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW writes: "It is probable that a better book will not be written (on Elizabeth) till the muniment rooms of English country houses have been ransacked and the results published. Even then," he adds, "we may have to wait for a scholar who can write as well as Neale."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN IN THE N. Y. TIMES speaks of the movies and plays about Tudor England getting people all tangled up with a romantic legend that is "not one-tenth as absorbing as the actual historic story. J. E. Neale comes along with a first-rate biography which sets things to rights."

REBECCA WEST IN THE LONDON TELEGRAPH calls it "the most admirably readable work, the most pleasing amalgam of scholarship and literary brilliance."

PROFESSOR G. M. TREVELYAN IN THE LONDON TIMES hails it as "an important event in historical literature" and Professor Neale for telling "the difficult and complicated truth more carefully and with more knowledge than it has been told before."

MAY LAMBERTON BECKER recommends it as the "best all-round biography of Elizabeth now available."

**Simultaneously published in England as the book-of-the month selection, this delightful biography has met with the instant acclaim it merits. For general readers it is the first adequate portrayal of the great ruler's life and times.**

**402 pages, . . . . illustrated, $3.75**

**HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY**
**383 Madison Avenue New York**

# The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

THIS week I wish first briefly to comment upon a few books devoted to the analysis of poetry. A book that has come to me from G. Bell & Sons in London is by that *Professor Oliver Elton* who has made many surveys of English literature. I have no way of knowing whether it is as yet published in this country or not. It is subtitled "A Sketch," but is, in reality, a full volume. Its proper title is "The English Muse," and it is a thoroughgoing outline of English poetry from the beginning down to the present day. Professor Elton writes quite well, and this is a worthy work, though I perceive no new enlightenment in it that would set it above other histories of English poetry. Those who are now making a cult of *Gerard Manley Hopkins* will welcome *E. E. Phare's* "The Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins, a Survey and Commentary," London: Cambridge University Press. Miss Phare considers Hopkins a major poet. I do not. He was a fine eccentric poet for the few, but there is certainly a lack of proportion in canonizing him. However, his name is at present the Open Sesame to poetic converse with the intelligentzia, if you wish to meet the "right people." To me Hopkins's style almost constantly offends against every principle I have painfully learned of a sound English style. His occasional felicities and gorgeous sparklings do not recompense for his churning method and his squirming mannerisms. It is all very quaint and delightful that a Roman Catholic priest should have written so; and those who join the church for artistic and esthetic reasons may bask in the cult; but I cannot help thinking that Hopkins's mind was one of the most confused that ever persuaded men to call it great. However, here is an intelligent book about him. You can procure it in New York from the Macmillan Company for $2.75. But do not forget the Jesuit, *G. F. Lahey's* book upon him, published by the Oxford University Press in 1930.

T. D'URFEY

"The Songs of *Thomas D'Urfey*" is one of the Harvard Studies in English and proceeds from the Harvard University Press. It is selected and edited by *Cyrus Lawrence Day*, and it is amusing to see so wild a blade, so hot a gamester, so great a lover of wine, woman, and song, taken chastely under the wing of a university press and treated with such pedagogical gravity. The apparatus of notes upon him may well make any full-blooded poet of our time shudder. This is worse than Egyptian mummification! One of D'Urfey's best songs is an entirely mad one. In it he is believed to have worked over in part an earlier song not his.

*I'le sail upon the Dog-Star,*
*and then persue the Morning;*
*I'le chase the Moon 'til it be Noon,*
*but I'le make her leave her Horning.*

*I'le climb the frosty Mountain,*
*and there I'le coyn the Weather;*
*I'le tear the Rain-bow from the sky,*
*and tye both ends together.*

*The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,*
*and crowd them in my Budget;*
*and whether I'm a roaring Boy,*
*let all the Nation judge it.*

A roaring boy he was indeed! You perceive the likeness to the famous anonymous "Tom O' Bedlam's Song," incomparably the best of all mad songs—but not D'Urfey's.

BOOKS FROM OXFORD

From Oxford come to me a number of small books of poetry, most of them attractive in makeup. Here's *Irene Haugh*, an Irish girl, introduced by *"A. E."* and published by Basil Blackwell at 2s 6d. "The Valley of the Bells" is her book. She is inspired by Ravel, César Franck, Debussy, and various aspects of the Catholic Church. In the nineties, it seems to me, she would have been of considerably more importance. Religion broods also over "The Midnight Mass, Poems and Translations" by *Winfred Douglas*, a Canon known for his work among the Indians. (Oxford Press, $2.) Taking such poets as *Francis Thompson, George Herbert*, etc. to establish a standard, Canon Douglas's verse is far below it as religious poetry. "A Song of David and Other Poems," by *Alfred John Hobson*, has as frontispiece an incredible snapshot of the author with the caption below:

"All my woes took wing."—page 83.
ALF. J. HOBSON.

and, upon examination, I found that all too accurately did that give me the keynote to the volume. "West by East and Other Poems," by *J. E. H. MacDonald*, with drawings by *Thoreau MacDonald*, comes—just for variety—from The Ryerson Press of Toronto—a pleasing example of book-making. The poet has rather a mortuary turn, however, and the verse is not up to its presentation. "The Nettle and The Flower," by *Kenneth Muir* (Oxford Press) is an even more charming looking book. The opening poem drips along as a lugubrious monody until one comes to the delightful lines:

*Unconscious of compulsion, he*
*steps onward to futurity*
*and, orgulous, he hurries down*
*the road that emperor and clown,*
*like patient sheep to slaughter driven,*
*etc. etc.*

Oh, to be orgulous, life being what it is! It is borne in upon me that this poet is very young. He is genuinely delightful in II. of "Letters and Poems." Later he comes alive and begins to talk of his age around him. XVII is a poem about death as modern as yesterday, and all the more striking for that. He tries to cast off his influences and succeeds in convincing me that he is a young man to watch. His verse is as yet a strange mixture of the outworn and the brashly but refreshingly new. An era of great economic depression, and of a system that seems to be wearing out everywhere, can rouse him to exclaim with a vividness I distinctly like:

*And perhaps even now,*
*in an obscure slum, beside the grimy pub*
*kept by the prize-fighter who took to*
*drink,*
*in the broken-down stable which houses*
*the bar-tender's motor-bike,*
*even now, amidst the straw, which reeks*
*of petrol,*
*there is a cry, and our salvation is nigh,*
*and we know it not,*
*and here, on their knees, spoiling the*
*crease in their trousers,*
*are the modern substitutes for the three*
*wise men.*

His best poem is probably "Broadcast to the Laodiceans" and in its honesty and fervor is promise. Also, he seems to be working through rhythmic experiments toward something new in form.

COLUMBUS AND A BALLET

*J. Willis Price's* "The Tomb of Columbus And Other Verses," (Oxford: The Shakespeare Head Press and Basil Blackwell) is a curious offering in that it seems to belong to the Victorian era. Here and there the execution of the verses is quite pleasing, but the book has little vitality of its own. *W. Bernard's* "Ballet Suite" (Oxford: Humphrey Milford) is a mixture of semi-precious modernism and undistinguished lyrical impulses. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the exclamation (quoted) 'O God! O Montreal!' and that is, of course, *Samuel Butler's*. This poet is too-too-wonderful at this stage in his development, and there is therefore very little one can say in his favor.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BRIGHT EXCALIBUR. A collection of Poems selected from *Kaleidograph*. Dallas, Texas: The Kaleidograph Press. 1933. $2.

DEMON GREED. By Richard Carlyle. Los Angeles, Cal.: Phoenix Press. 1934. $2.

THE BOOK OF LONDON VERSE. Volume II. The University of London Union, 68 Torrington Square, London W. C. 1, England. 1933. 1s 2d.

JESUS: An Ode. And Other Poems. By Herman Malan. Johannesburg, South Africa: The Central News Agency, 15 Carnarvon Road. 1933. 1s.

LEGENDRA. By Mary I. McMurray. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1934. 50c.

RIG VEDA. By H. Nelson Hooven. Athens, Ohio: The Lawhead Press. 1933.

FOUNTAIN OF DARK WATERS. By Wilbur Underwood. Elkin Mathews & Marrot, Ltd., London, W. C. 2. England: 44 Essex Street.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Americans in Italy

*COME GLI AMERICANI SCOPRIRONO L'ITALIA. Per Giuseppe Prezzolini. Milano: Fratelli Treves.* 1933.

Reviewed by SAMUEL PUTNAM

A MEMBER of the Italian department and head of the Casa Italiana at Columbia University, in addition to possessing an established place as a scholar and man of letters in his own country,—it was he, it will be remembered, who with Giovanni Papini founded and directed first the *Leonardo* and later *La Voce*—Professor Prezzolini's vantage-point is an unusual one for the task he has here undertaken, that of recording the "discovery" of Italy by the early Americans, from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. He hints that there may be a second volume, dealing with the subject from, say, about 1848 on; for it was not until the mid-century revolutionary epoch that Americans really began to awake to the fact that Italy might be something more than a land of picturesque ruins and mendicants, that she might, after all, become a powerful nation and take her place with the other nations of the world, with distinctly her own contribution to make to the theory of human government.

Before that time, Americans had gone to Italy for widely varying reasons: as part of a youthful grand tour; to meet a real, live archduke or archduchess and be presented to the Pope and at court; to revel in the mouldy scent and crumbling landscapes of classic antiquity; to witness the impressive ceremonies of the Church and study the Catholic religion in the land with which it was so closely identified; to study art; to visit renowned scientists, public institutions, etc.; to make a comparative survey of agricultural conditions, as did Jefferson—in short, all the motives which lead that apparently sempiternal and so frequently horrendous species, the tourist, to go anywhere. As Signor Prezzolini points out, however, there was, with all of this, very little understanding of the Italy that was struggling so valiantly, if as yet more or less subterraneously, for rebirth.

The *Risorgimento*, for example, was either completely ignored or misunderstood for the most part. This was especially true of the Protestant liberals. It was true even of so otherwise intelligent an observer as Longfellow. The shining exception was Emerson's friend, the ill-fated Margaret Fuller.

There similarly seems to have been little if any interest in modern Italian writers and literature. Once in a while, an American would pay a visit to an Italian poet or man of letters,—Pellico or Manzoni, for instance,—but the littérateur thus honored was usually one with a political past, who had come to be looked upon as a public curiosity and, in a manner, as public—and tourist—property.

Signor Prezzolini asserts that the real protagonist of his book is the Italian people, as viewed through early-Yankee eyes. There are two ways of looking at this. As Signor Prezzolini admits, he has, through his researches, come upon what is by way of being a new race of Americans, and has attained to a fairly intimate acquaintance with their lives, their feelings and reactions, and their cultural problems. Perhaps nowhere does the American (any other people, for that matter?) show up more parlously than as a tourist. Mark Twain is the classic example; I believe that the author is wrong in taking the "Innocents Abroad" as, simply, a caricature of the tourist type.

One thing, at any rate, Italy did teach certain Americans, and that was, that life might be made an art. The hard-headed, sniffy Puritan attitude—toward "immorality," Italian family life, churchly rites, etc.—was in more than one case shattered. The attitude in question was one definitely phrased by Jefferson, in his contempt for old-world culture in general. American Protestants tried to "convert" Italy, by bringing her the Protestant Bible, but found to their vast surprise that the Italians were not interested. One or two, like Mother Seton, went "over to Rome."

In the meanwhile, Signor Prezzolini marvels that not a single visiting American appears to have had a "heart affair" (the susceptible Washington Irving came the nearest to being an exception). He is also pleased to discover no authentic record of any American's ever having been held up by a peninsular bandit.

The Catholics, on the whole, were obviously the best fitted for bringing the Italy and the America of that day together. The high-minded Jefferson, turned Machiavellian rice-smuggler, is an amusing picture on the other side. The author has performed an invaluable service for the history of international relations, and has at the same time made a contribution to an as yet unwritten study of American Europeanists, a line that runs from Ticknor down through Huneker to the present.

*Samuel Putnam, who has been a frequent correspondent from Italy to these pages, was for many years resident in that country.*

# A Life in Letters

*THE LETTERS OF LORD BYRON. Selected by R. G. Howarth, M.A., with an Introduction by André Maurois. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1934. $3.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, the sixth Lord Byron, continues to be one of the most vital figures in English literature. This is not to say that his poetry as a whole retains the almost hypnotic force it had for his day and age. Far from it. This age, when it turns to his poety at all, turns to the satirical Byron rather than the somewhat cumbersomely romantic one. His European reputation remains much higher than his poetic reputation even in England at the present time. But Byron's prose—in his letters—is as much alive as that of any major writer who ever lived. His letters retain, as M. Maurois says in his introduction, 'a direct exactness which is at once the absence of all art and the perfection of art." M. Maurois goes on to note similarities between "the prose of the letters and the tone of the poems." He finds in both the same vigor and the same onrush of movement. He perceives in both an identity of tone and of rhythm "such that sometimes, quite naturally, the letter becomes a poem without the reader being surprised by the change." And beside this intensity, the wit and humor of many of the letters, the bite of phrase, the light play of erudition, the anecdotal brilliance, all strongly attract. Moreover, these letters are part and parcel of as absorbing a life-drama as ever swirled about a great literary figure.

The present selection has been made judiciously, with a proper apparatus of brief explanatory notes and index. The book is attractively manufactured. It should serve the average reader as a satisfactory introduction to one of the greatest poets (at his best) and one of the most remarkably diverse individuals of all time.

JULIA NEWBERRY'S
Sketch book
(or the Life of Two Future Old Maids)

By TRACY D. MYGATT
The true story of two real LITTLE WOMEN of the American 1860's. Rivals the famous *Diary* in charm and quaintness.
*Lavishly illustrated with Julia's irresistible sketches*
NORTON $2.50

*If you like*
E.M.FORSTER
*you'll enjoy*
Mr.Thompson in the Attic
(see page 514)

"She really loved me"
INSISTED NAPOLEON
*But did she?*

Weeping, she called the carriage which took her from the palace after Napoleon divorced her "the execution car". But was it love that drew her tears? Penitent, she pounded for hours on Napoleon's locked bedroom door. Next morning she awoke in his arms. But was it love? Napoleon believed it, even though he knew of her lovers—knew she entertained them at his expense.

BEAUHARNAIS

In this new biography, which the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* calls "of rarer quality than Ludwig's *Napoleon* or Zweig's *Marie Antoinette*," the whole amazing story of the Creole girl from Martinique, who became Napoleon's first empress, is told as it has never been told before.

*Why did Napoleon marry her—knowing she was Barras' mistress?*

Tracing the growth of her character from the time when she was a naive schoolgirl in Martinique, the author shows her coming into full flower as a sophisticated leader of society in Paris. He describes her *mariage de convenance* to Beauharnais, her imprisonment during the Terror, her providential escape from the fate meted out to so many aristocrats. He shows how Napoleon became infatuated with her, to her own amusement and bewilderment, though he knew she was Barras' mistress; how he overcame scruples and won her in marriage, when her heart was really unmoved. He shows further how Josephine was able to keep the conqueror of Europe waiting for her smile while she amused herself with a dashing officer, Hippolyte Charles, even carrying him with her when she traveled.

NAPOLEON

*Astonishing* PRAISE
*for an astonishing book*

★

"A book of rarer quality than either Ludwig's 'Napoleon' or Zweig's 'Marie Antoinette'. What romance it evokes! What a gorgeous background history provides for the slight, pathetic figure of the heroine!"—N. Y. *Herald Tribune Books.*

★

"Sober truth, brilliant, scintillating, witty."—N. Y. *World-Telegram.*

★

"The story of those two is one of unending fascination. It is brilliantly told in 'Josephine, Wife of Napoleon'."—*Boston Herald.*

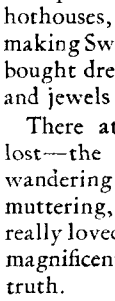
★

"One of the imperishably fascinating and ironical chapters in the Napoleonic saga comes completely and vividly to life in E. A. Rheinhardt's 'Josephine, Wife of Napoleon'."—N. Y. *Evening Post.*

★

"Puts an altogether new construction upon many historical shibboleths which have so frequently appeared contradictory." *Phila. Ledger.*

There is no more dramatic picture in history than that which Rheinhardt portrays of the faithless Josephine, after Napoleon discovered her infidelity, standing outside his bedroom for hours, pounding on the locked door—finally admitted when her children join her in an entreaty for forgiveness.



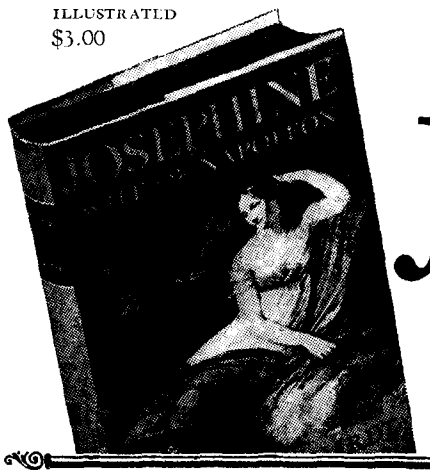
*Napoleon stormed—but he paid!*

No less devastating is the analysis of her financial extravagance, her ability to spend everybody's money without a thought, her purchase of Malmaison in her own name.

Napoleon raged at Josephine's zoo, her hothouses, her artificial lake, her dairy for making Swiss cheese. He fumed when she bought dresses that she forgot to wear, and jewels that she mislaid. But he paid.

There at Malmaison—when all was lost—the biographer shows Napoleon wandering through the empty rooms muttering, "She really loved me, she really loved me." But did she?—Read this magnificent new biography and learn the truth.

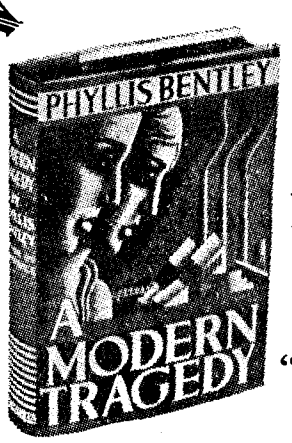
ILLUSTRATED
$3.00



By E. A. RHEINHARDT
*Author of* NAPOLEON AND EUGENIE
JOSEPHINE
WIFE OF NAPOLEON
*Alfred · A · Knopf* 730 *Fifth Ave · N · Y ·*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MODERN TRAGEDY




by

**Phyllis Bentley**

•

*Author of*
"Inheritance"

•

**Dorothy Canfield**
*Book-of-the-Month Club News*
*says it is—*
"of impeccably sound workmanship, an intellectual pleasure to read . . . theme like George Eliot . . . details presented with mastery."

*At all bookstores,* $2.50

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

# The League at Work

*THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE. By Sir Arthur Salter. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock.* 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

IF the League of Nations ever comes into its own, none of the many who early and late have kept and served the faith of internationalism will be more justly entitled to a statue in the Parc Ariana than Sir Arthur Salter. His successful book "Recovery," published about two years ago, was, at least on the economic side, at once the best and the most effective statement for the case of "collective" as contrasted with isolated action by nations that has yet been made.

What he has now presented is no more than a collection of essays covering most of the post-war period down to 1929. And the most ambitious of these, "The United States of Europe," gives the book its title. At the moment most of the volume is hopelessly "dated." It might perhaps be possible to speak of the United "Chaos" of Europe at the present hour, but certainly not even before the World War did the chance of real unity in the Old World seem slenderer than it does today.

Sir Arthur believes that economically as well as politically Europe must unite or perish, and he also believes that unity must be at Geneva. But while there is much to support the notion that Europe may eventually collapse as a consequence of its intransigeant and irreconcilable nationalisms there is certainly nothing in the recent secession of Germany from the League and the threatened imitation of that course by Italy to gladden the hearts of the internationalists.

Sir Arthur is an economist and not a politician; the result is that much that he has to say about sanctions and the like sounds purely academic, and his American reflections, little less than utopian. Not a few trace to him the famous Stimson Doctrine, somewhat expanded by Norman H. Davis in later Disarmament sessions, the doctrine which rested upon the assumption that in ratifying the Kellogg Pact the United States had abandoned its neutral rights permanently. Davis, it will be recalled, carried it further and suggested we should favor the nation wantonly attacked by waiving these rights.

I commend Sir Arthur's book to anyone who desires to see the progress of League doctrine through what were more or less the prosperous years of Geneva down to 1930 when the rise of Hitler in Germany, the development of imperialism in Japan, and the general effect of the Great Depression everywhere brought about the present collapse. Sir Arthur was once of the League Secretariat, he remains in spirit with it now, although he is no longer actually with it.

The influence of Geneva is striking upon all who long reside there and have close relations with the League. The spirit of internationalism there prevailing is something amazingly distinct from public sentiment in any other corner of the world. There is, in fact, a nascent language not of Geneva but of the League, which at first, makes local discussion either public or social well nigh unintelligible to the newly arrived stranger, and Sir Arthur speaks that language.

It is hard to describe one who is so sound in his economics as a visionary, but at least today Sir Arthur must seem little less in the eyes not alone of Americans but of his fellow countrymen as well. Nevertheless he always writes well, what he says is unfailingly interesting, and perhaps more intelligibly than any one else he transmits the authentic atmosphere of Geneva.

As a consequence, while this collection of essays has no present relevance and expresses hopes which at least in certain cases are already hopelessly destroyed, it deserves reading by all who would desire to see the League faithfully reported by one of its most consistent advocates.

# Putting Everything In

*A GUIDE TO MODERN THOUGHT. By C. E. M. Joad. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.* 1933. $1.75.

Reviewed by LAURENCE STAPLETON

THE interesting and deplorable fact about this book is that it could hardly have been written in another age. That knowledge could be "revolutionized," theory "popularized," and readers "familiarized," was a discovery left unto our generation.

Mr. Joad belongs, thoroughly, to our generation. He is sustained by the music of change. According to a carefully arranged outline, he takes us through the "new" physics, the "new" psychology, the "new" biology, and the rest, pointing out how they have changed our ideas of Space, God, Matter, Sex, Progress, and the rest.

By profession, Mr. Joad is a philosopher. He says that his book is concerned with the implications, not the facts, of science, so that his task is presumably a philosophical one. But it is really the mere outward show of intellectual history which engages him. He is interested in the "materialist-vitalist controversy," or the effect of behaviorism on our conception of personality. For him the question is, "What is the twentieth century *Weltanschauung?*"

Had he set out truly to explore in modern history the idea that always overhangs, as Emerson said, and rules the tide which rises simultaneously in all the souls of a generation, Mr. Joad could not have begun later than James, Marx, Carlyle; nor stopped before gestalt psychology. Had he truly intended to discuss the implications of science, he could not, in the face of the analytical methods developed by Miss Stebbing and G. E. Moore, have seriously considered the comparative reality of various "isms." But no such let or hindrance interfered with "A Guide to Modern Thought," which is essentially a piece of Sunday journalism. In his capacity as reporter, Mr. Joad is fluent, ready of illustration, and persuasive. It is only the title and the far-flung purpose of the book which tempt one to observe that another intellectual has chosen to eat dust.

**7 Books---recent, important, well-received**

A matchless piece of pure Americana—the world of popular music from Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallée—exciting record of a glamorous era.

**THEY ALL SANG**

*By Edward B. Marks*
Illustrated with over 200 photographs, scores and programs. $3.50

Revealing story of a young girl in a convent school—little-known, cloistered lives in all their poignancy.

**FROST IN MAY**

*By Antonia White*
$2.50

A great journalist's twelve years in unrecognized Russia—authentic portrait of a nation in the making.

**DURANTY REPORTS RUSSIA**

*By Walter Duranty*
Russian correspondent of the *New York Times.*
$2.75

A brilliant young writer remembers his hardboiled, drama-packed boyhood in Chicago.

**ON THE SHORE**

*By Albert Halper*
author of *Union Square*
$2.00

Johnson re-humanized in an intimate biography that takes nothing from his stature and adds to our understanding.

**SAMUEL JOHNSON**

*By Hugh Kingsmill*
Illustrated
$2.75

Titanic novel of vigorous lives. "If 1934 sees a better novel it will be a fine year for literature indeed."—Chamberlain, *N. Y. Times.*

**A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK**

*By Seán O'Faoláin*
(Shawn O'Phelan)
$2.50

"The best history, biography and novel of the year," Theodore Hall, *Washington Post.* A non-fiction best seller.

**THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE**

*By Ralph Roeder*
Book-of-the-Month Club
Illustrated
$3.50

**THE VIKING PRESS 18 East 48th Street New York City**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Frontier Rascal

*THE FINISHED SCOUNDREL. General James Wilkinson, sometime Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, who made intrigue a trade and treason a profession. By Royal Ornan Shreve. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.* 1933. $3.

Reviewed by MAJOR DONALD ARMSTRONG

JOHN RANDOLPH'S opinion of General James Wilkinson was succinctly stated in the few words: "Wilkinson is the most finished scoundrel that ever lived." Mr. Shreve devotes nearly three hundred pages to proving this proposition, and when his Q. E. D. is reached, few readers will be disposed to quarrel with the conclusion, except to find it somewhat exaggerated. Surely something more than an ingratiating manner was necessary for a youthful soldier without family influence or wealth to reach the rank of brigadier-general in the Revolution before he was twenty-one. There must have been considerable merit in his earlier years to win these words from Washington in 1792: "General Wilkinson has displayed great zeal and ability for the public weal since he came into service, and I wish him to know the favorable light in which this is viewed." He must have had competence of sorts to be made commanding general of the American Army—even though that Army was smaller than a war-strength infantry regiment of today—and to hold this post for seventeen years under four successive Presidents. Mr. Shreve does not overlook these points in Wilkinson's favor, but he certainly accepts them with an ill grace. On the other hand Mr. Shreve might have condemned the general's fiasco in the Canadian campaign of 1814 with even greater severity. For in spite of all his military experience, Wilkinson displayed no greater strategic or tactical ability in that war than Prince Eugene's jackass after twenty campaigns.

It is indisputable that Wilkinson showed signs of moral deterioration early in his amazing career. Born in Maryland in 1757, he pushed rapidly through the whining school-boy stage and at fifteen commenced the study of medicine in Philadelphia. Events made him a soldier before he had much chance to play the lover. Mr. Shreve hints that he may have combined those two acts, for there is evidence of a fair Dulcinea in his twentieth year. But there is little delving into his private life. Mr. Shreve confines his exploration almost exclusively to Wilkinson's public career, from his meteoric rise in the Revolution, his dealings as a civilian in tobacco and intrigue in Kentucky, his service as commanding general of the Army from 1796 to 1812, his participation in the Burr conspiracy, his role in the War of 1812, return to civil life once more, and his death in Mexico City in 1825.

These bare facts give no inkling of the incredible details of Wilkinson's life. As spy No. 13, he was in the pay of Spain while he was a civilian in Kentucky, presumably aiding the Spanish conspiracy which involved the future status of that territory. The ethics of Wilkinson's dealings with Spain, however, should not be judged without reference to the mores of our frontier at that time. There was some excuse for him in the early days. There was none after Kentucky was admitted to the Union. And he became an arch-traitor when he continued in the pay of Spain after he once more donned the uniform of his country, and commanded its land forces. The practical results of his disloyalty, however, were scarcely perceptible. In later years Wilkinson was exonerated by an army Court of Inquiry of having received money from the Spaniards for anything save tobacco, but the Court did not have the documentary evidence that is now available. In 1811 Wilkinson was tried by Court Martial on many counts, including not only the charges of receiving a Spanish pension, but also of conspiring with Aaron Burr to dismember the Union. Again he was found not guilty, and President Madison approved the findings. There is no doubt, however, in Mr. Shreve's mind of Wilkinson's guilt in the Burr conspiracy. This mysterious affair is closely examined, but the degree of Wilkinson's culpability is not definitely established, nor is his testimony as a witness in Burr's trial treated with complete impartiality. Before the end, Wilkinson faced another military court on various charges arising out of his conduct in the War of 1812. He was found not guilty for the third time. He bore a charmed life against the slings and arrows of military law, and escaped all legal punishment for his misdemeanors.

Wilkinson lies in a nameless grave in Mexico City where Mr. Shreve might have left him among the forgotten men. With the present vogue of the picaresque hero in fiction, there is nevertheless ample warrant for this vivid and exciting biography which surpasses the flights of imagination. The story of Wilkinson's crooked traffic makes a significant contribution to the annals of our frontier days.

*Major Donald Armstrong is in the Ordnance Department of the United States Army.*

# Sporting Memories

*THE ISLE OF LONG AGO. By Edwin C. Kent. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1933. $5.

ALL too seldom, we have a book of recollections like this, culled from the diaries of such a veteran hunter and fisherman as Mr. Kent. These studies of a trained observer account for upland hunting in the '70's and '80's and later, along the northeasterly Atlantic seaboard, as do the writings of Archibald Rutledge, for instance, for the local game of the Carolinas. For besides rendering a careful and accurate picture of every type of game he has hunted or fished, Mr. Kent is an exceptionally fine woodcraftsman. To his credit as a true sportsman, his enjoyment of killing simply for its own sake or mere desire for a big bag, disappeared at a tender age; and was replaced by a deep, lasting interest in, and increasing knowledge of, bird and stream life, and wood lore generally. He refreshes the reader by his confession to the easiness of both duck and woodcock shooting, which has been glossed over or denied by many a practiced gunner.

Besides the chapters of ruffed grouse, woodcock, wild fowl, and quail, in the days when they were plentiful along the Hudson, on Newburgh Bay, Long Island, and in Dutchess County, there is an intimate chapter describing Tuxedo Park, its founding by Mr. Lorillard, and the subsequent unsuccessful efforts to keep it well stocked with game of all sorts. Mr. Kent notes drily that the founders attained the secondary aim only, that of the promotion of social intercourse. Finally, he winds up his studies with pages on salmon fishing up near the famous Restigouche river in Canada.


*"The handsomest man on Earth and the World's greatest Tenor!"*

Jean de Reszke was the Fairy Prince of the Great Days of the Opera, and he represented the splendor of the Golden Horseshoe at the Metropolitan and the glittering assemblies at Covent Garden in days that can never return. The whole story of the lives of the de Reszke brothers, Jean and Edouard, supreme artists of that Golden Age of Opera, has never before been adequately told. This authoritative biography is filled to overflowing with the fascination and nostalgia of the days of gay social life of New York and Chicago. With unbounded enthusiasm it presents a remarkable picture of Jean de Reszke—the artist and the man.

# Jean de Reszke

## AND THE GREAT DAYS OF OPERA

By CLARA LEISER

"This fine and handsome volume should be the authoritative life of the Brothers. These two compel your interested admiration from first to last. It seems to me both a document of real value and a charming story of deserved human success."—Hugh Walpole.

$3.75 Illustrated

MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY, 2 West 45th Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# MASTER OF FRANCE

## -but *not* of Himself...

The dramatic story of a man whom fate made king of France, but who would rather have been a fun-loving, private citizen . . . the true story of a king whom subjects called "well-beloved," not because *they* loved him, but because of his penchant for pretty women . . . the incredible history of an era in which morals were so lax that even hardened court attendants were aghast...all based upon hitherto unrevealed, official documents ferretted out by Pierre Gaxotte, famed French historian and biographer, after months of search and persuasion.

LOUIS XV AND HIS TIMES depicts with rare understanding and impeachable authority, such notorious figures as Madame Pompadour, Fleury, Voltaire and Madame DuBarry. It provides a brilliant panorama of an era not only rich in drama, but far-reaching in its effects upon the future of our own country.

You will find Pierre Gaxotte's new work one of the truly great biographies of modern times. Handsomely bound, with numerous illustrations in doubletone.

# LOUIS XV *and* HIS TIMES

## *By Pierre Gaxotte*

Author of the recent best-selling "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION"

*On Sale at all Bookstores* $5.00 · · LIPPINCOTT · *Philadelphia*


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you like
CHRISTOPHER
MORLEY
you'll enjoy
Mr. Thompson in the Attic
(see page 514)

Now Over 100,000 Sold
LIFE Begins At FORTY
By WALTER B. PITKIN
WHITTLESEY HOUSE, McGraw Hill Bldg.
New York City $1.50 at bookstores

# A. E. N. Loquitur

*END PAPERS. By A. Edward Newton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* 1933. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

THERE exist, it is assumable, those to whom the locution "end papers" is only a fortuitous collision of nouns. The same suspicion was perhaps not so universally aroused in 1872 with the appearance of Charles Stuart Calverley's "Fly Leaves." Fly leaves and end papers are one and the same; "end papers" is more technically exact. People who say "dock" when they mean "wharf" or "pier" say "fly leaves" when they mean "end papers." All save the precisionist are happy. The ship comes in and discharges her passengers—onto the pier if they are human, into the dock if they are seals. The book is bound, or cased, or somehow habited, and the blank sheets intervening between the investiture and the first signature are fly leaves to you but end papers to me and A. Edward Newton. So there.

"End Papers" is a hodge-podge. But so is Boswell, and Mr. Newton would ask for no more flattering comparison. So is the run-of-the-mine of conversation, and Mr. Newton is before all else a conversationalist in print. One envisages him as writing at top speed and blotting nothing behind him—only such precipitancy can excuse his alluding to Philadelphia's leading dramatist as Thomas Montgomery Bird, or declaring that both the "Elia" series were issued in 1823, and setting "Poor Relations" in the contents of the first series. One so envisages him, but one knows better. For here is the effortful effortlessness that has made Mr. Newton the most felicitous exponent of the personal essay in our land and time. Personal essay is not itself a felicitous phrase—it is as unfortunate in its way (and it will get in its way) as dock and fly leaves, but it has congealed into general acceptance, and we all know what it means—or, alas, more often, what it is meant to mean.

Of Mr. Newton's fugitive pieces, many have been bird-limed here. Some have earlier graced the pages of the *Yale Review*, the *Atlantic*, the *Colophon*, and the hebdomadal conspectus of letters now in your hands; others have heretofore been available only to recipients of the prized Newton Christmas booklets. The funneling of such a miscellaneous scatteration of papers into a really truly book is moderately confusing; the incipient Newtonist will do well to avoid "End Papers" for the nonce and begin at the beginning—with "The Amenities of Book-Collecting," proceeding thence to "A Magnificent Farce," "The Greatest Book in the World" and "This Book-Collecting Game." These are all bigger, bulkier, and (though not on these counts) better books. But "End Papers" belongs in the authentic sequence. Here is all the zest and gusto that is Newton. Here writes as of old the book-collector, book-assimilator, book-commentator who knows, no bookman of our day better, that a book must be a man in order to become a book.

# Virgil and Magic

*VIRGIL THE NECROMANCER. By John Webster Spargo. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.* 1934. $5.

THAT Virgil was a learned poet is obvious from his works, and "poeta doctus" had become his peculiar title remaining substantially the same until the twelfth century, when the tales of Virgil the necromancer got into circulation, and "magnus" was added to "doctus.". If the necromancer legends grew naturally out of the "doctus" reputation, why do they not appear until the twelfth century? Comparetti ("Virgil in the Middle Ages") supposes that the necromantic Virgil grew up in Neopolitan folk lore during that thousand years, passing into the literary tradition in the twelfth century by accidents and incidents unknown. But Professor Spargo doubts it, for he finds no evidence of any such folk lore; in fact he finds no satisfactory explanation. But Comparetti's suggestion seems as reasonable as any. The mystery is only that the facts, in all their miscellany and multitude have been dropped into oblivion. A man lives and dies, and his name goes down out of sight into folk lore. It may or may not live also visibly in written record, but if so the two records go on more or less independently. After five hundred or a thousand years the sunken name is salvaged or reappears out of the sunless caverns, and is found to have suffered extraordinary sea changes; but for the details of how those changes came about there is little or no evidence. The most frequently occurring of the stories is perhaps Virgil and the Basket. He fell in love with the emperor's daughter, who agreed to haul him up to her chamber in a basket, but only hauled him half way, and left him hanging there till morning, to public ridicule and his own mortification. Nothing necromantic about that. The plot has been used often enough for other rash lovers. But to the Virgil version there was added the sequel of Virgil's revenge by means of his necromantic powers. Legend even points to the Frangipani tower in Rome as the place where the basket dangled against the wall. Professor Spargo gives a number of illustrations, from old prints, tapestries, and carvings, of Virgil in the basket. The volume is an amazingly erudite study of a very curious object.

# Pianist, Patriot, and Statesman

*PADEREWSKI. By Charles Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1934. $4.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

IT would be unkind to dismiss such a monument of devotion, care, and thought as the late Professor Phillips has raised to his friend Ignace Jan Paderewski as mere eulogy of an extraordinary personality, lacking in independent literary value. Yet after the masses of personal detail and the often interesting and accurate comments have been digested by the reader, the resulting portrait of the celebrated pianist-statesman is not particularly full of life, nor in many respects different from the conventional heroic figure set up during the war for purposes of propaganda. As a tribute it is admirable; as a definitive biography unsatisfactory. Considering the really exceptional biographical material provided by Paderewski's career, certainly unparalleled by any modern musician's, it is unfortunate that Mr. Phillips has allowed his admiration to color favorably almost every word that he has written. This tendency is less noticeable in the first portion of the book, largely devoted to Paderewski the pianist. Since his superiority in this realm has been generally recognized, the author appears to feel less necessity of defending his idol, and even admits here and there a faintly critical overtone. Few would now place so high the pleasant but unimportant music of Paderewski the composer, which is discussed in the next section, but at one time he undoubtedly bulked larger in this capacity than he does today. Mr. Phillips says, for instance, that his opera "Manru" (given at the Metropolitan in 1902) has been described as the most inspired work of dramatic music since "Carmen." Comment is unnecessary.

However, it is when the author gets down to the real business of his book, a justification and glorification of Mr. Paderewski's career as a statesman, that he is most open to question. The immense success of the great pianist's American campaign from 1915 to 1918 to obtain funds and recognition for an independent Poland, followed by his appearance at the Paris Conference in behalf of Polish claims, raised high hopes not only among his countrymen but all over the world for his future in the political arena. His brief term as Premier in 1919 was a disappointment; he had been too long away from Poland, and in spite of an intense patriotism had become too much of a cosmopolite to grasp completely the internal situation in his native land. His conflict with Piłsudski, a Lithuanian-Pole who had few contacts with Western Europe, rapidly demonstrated his inability to control or outwit a growing radical opposition. His retirement "with honor" after several embarrassing experiences in the Sejm and with the Chief of State was not only wise but practically the only course left open to him. To the Poles may be left an evaluation of his political services, while the world at large will agree that his true claim to immortality lies in the sphere of music.

*Theodore Purdy, Jr., who is much interested in music, has made a study of Polish affairs in connection with his work in diplomacy.*

*A Triumph of Characterization*

*A New Novel by*
**ALICE BROWN**

JEREMY HAMLIN

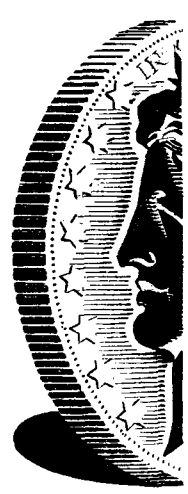
A distinguished novel steeped in the New England tradition for which Miss Brown is famous. It is the story of Jeremy Hamlin who drifts unknown into a small New England town and becomes a powerful and vital figure. In clear, vibrant prose, the unforgettable portrait of this small town dictator emerges—a character which is a major achievement of Miss Brown's poetic and discerning art. $2.50

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY
35 West 32nd St. New York

**What will become of your dollars?**

One question that needs answering today is what the dollar will be worth tomorrow and days after tomorrow. In this clear interpretation, an economist of international reputation states simply and directly the problems he sees ahead and how you can best meet them.

DOLLARS



BY LIONEL D. EDIE

This book is good reading. It will enable you to discuss "money" intelligently. From the middle of the road the author illuminates both sides with good straight talk and definite conclusions.

*At your bookstore $2.50*

YALE UNIVERSITY ... PRESS ...

# The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| MURDER TO MUSIC *Glen Burne* (Dodd, Mead: $2.) | Manhattan music critic helps police catch a killer. Police help critic catch a boat. | Very little to add. Music irrelevant. Police unbelievably careless. | Fair |
| RICHARDSON'S SECOND CASE *Sir Basil Thomson* (Crime Club: $2.) | Murder in London suburb. Nice young Detective Serg't Richardson does a thorough job. | Gets coin out of coincidences. Readable yarn with interesting details of Scotland Yard and no brain strain. | Pleasant |
| INFORMATION RECEIVED *E. R. Punshon* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.) | Talkative Inspector Mitchell and Constable Bobby Owen more or less stumble on murder of English nobleman. | Lot of rather footless chasing around after clues redeemed by interesting people and humorous bits. | Medium |
| THE ONE SANE MAN *Francis Beeding* (Little, Brown: $2.) | Col. Granby, called from retirement, solves mystery of strange kidnappings in high European diplomatic circles. | Fantastic, and with coupla dull spots, but main idea interesting, and plenty of excitement. | Good |

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

### WORLD WAR ATTITUDES

THERE must have been millions throughout the world who, when last Sunday's papers brought the news of the tragic death of King Albert, lived over in memory the fearful days of 1914 when the Belgian monarch rallied his people to death and defiance. So inexorable is the effect of time that the emotion of those days is already a myth to a younger generation, and to recapture something of the psychology of the nations which discharged ultimatums like an automobile its backfire one must go back to the literature of the period and not seek for it in the more temperate judgments of history. It is of this evaporated excitement, we take it, that *J. F. K., Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa.*, is trying to find a register when he asks for titles of "books dealing with 'war attitudes' as indulged and cultivated by the various belligerents of the World War." Such works are legion, and we are trying to cull from their number a representative list for J. F. K. Jr.'s purposes. Until we have it complete, and merely as an earnest of our intentions lest he begin to think we intend to ignore his inquiry, we have gathered together a few references for him now. On our own shelves we see a stout volume issued in Philadelphia in 1916 by George Barrie's Sons, a history entitled THE GREAT WAR, the joint product of George H. Allen, Henry C. Whitehead, and Admiral F. E. Chadwick, the second volume of which is devoted in half to "the mobilization of the moral forces," and which attempts country by country to set forth the reaction of national feeling to the fact of war. Next to it we have a symposium called THE WAR OF DEMOCRACY and subtitled THE ALLIES' STATEMENT (Doubleday, Doran). Issued in 1917, it reflects the attitude of mind of representative leaders of their day. The important work enshrining the "various charges and countercharges" (the pamphlet literature of which J. F. K., Jr., is specially in search) is, of course, DIPLOMATIC DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR, a compilation brought out by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. This contains, in the form in which they were published in 1914 and 1915 for propagandist purposes, the BRITISH BLUE BOOK, and translations of the FRENCH YELLOW BOOK, the GERMAN WHITE BOOK, the AUSTRIAN RED BOOK, the RUSSIAN ORANGE BOOK, the SERBIAN BLUE BOOK, and the BELGIAN GRAY BOOK. It is readily accessible in libraries. It is hardly strange that the great collections of the ephemera of war literature are in European lands. The COLLECTION HENRI LEBLANC: LA GRANDE GUERRE in Paris classifies books and periodical literature, pictures, posters, etc., and the CATALOGUE MÉTHODIQUE DU FONDS ALLEMAND DE LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE ET MUSÉE DE LA GUERRE (Vincennes, France), by Jean Dubois and Charles Apperhn, issued by the Société l'Histoire de la Guerre, lists topically the works in the Museum on the World War printed in Germany. These two French collections constitute what is perhaps the most comprehensive gathering of literature on the war in existence. The British Museum publishes a Subject Index of the Books Relating to the European War, 1914-1918, acquired by the British Museum 1914-1920. We shall compile a far more extensive list of references for J. F. K., Jr., shortly. In the meanwhile, we'll take up another request for books on the war which has come to us.

### ORIGIN, CONDUCT, AND END OF THE WAR

*M. McA. of Baltimore, Md.*, wants "information on events leading up to the World War, the conduct of the war, and the events surrounding the signing of the Versailles Treaty." Here again the books on the subject are myriad. But we think Mr. McA. will find what he needs if he will refer to the following works. For the genesis of the war the most important and authoritative reference manual is Sidney B. Fay's ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR (Macmillan). This is a two-volume work, the first volume of which is devoted to an examination into the underlying sources of the war and the second given over entirely to the crisis of June 28-August 4, 1914. The book is drawn from diplomatic documents. As to the conduct of the struggle, probably the best one-volume study of military and naval operations for the general reader is Thomas G. Frothingham's GUIDE TO THE MILITARY HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR (Little, Brown). This is a clear, straightforward survey, based on official statements and reports which have been carefully checked, and presenting narrative synopses the emphasis of which goes on strategy and grand tactics. More detailed, and for its greater length of five volumes probably the most useful work for the lay reader, is Frank H. Simonds's HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR (Doubleday, Doran) which deals in the main with military history. On the Peace Conference there are two works which stand out above others. THE HISTORY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE, edited by Harold W. V. Temperley (Oxford University Press), is the most valuable of the longer works for the general public. It is in six volumes, at nine dollars each, and is a compilation by English and American historians, most of whom themselves were present at the Conference. The second, WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT PARIS, edited by Colonel House and Charles Seymour, contains sixteen lectures delivered by former members of the staff of the American Peace Commission.

### SEA TALES

We are greatly indebted to enthusiasts for sea tales who have sent in titles supplementing the list we drew up some time ago for *H. H. of Saint Cloud, Minn.*—Priscilla Campbell, for instance, who writes us: "I have been in bookshop work for more than two years and during that time have made a special collection of books on (the sea), restricted, however, to contemporaneous settings. Both from my own personal enthusiasm and from the warm response they received . . . I somewhat timidly advance the following: PROMENADE DECK (Harpers), by Ishbel Ross, a Mediterranean cruise aboard a modern vessel; LUXURY LINER (Long and Smith), by Gina Kaus, another of the same genre; THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA (Covici), by Wallace Smith; THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE (Lippincott), by Sisley Huddleston, and HOME FROM THE SEA (Macmillan), by Arthur Rostron." Isabel DuBois, librarian of the Navy Department, Bureau of Navigation, offers Oliver LaFarge's LONG PENNANT (Houghton Mifflin) and Grant's HALF DECK (Little, Brown), while G. Davison (we can't give his first name in full since his writing is as illegible as our own) suggests THE SEA WITCH (Farrar & Rinehart), by Alexander Laing, and THE LIVELY LADY (Doubleday, Doran), by Kenneth Roberts.

### BOOKS BY NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

*H. E. M. H., Delphos, O., asks, "Can you list any books written by North American Indians, besides 'My People the Sioux,' by Chief Standing Bear?"*

A few, say we: MEMORIES OF A WHITE CROW INDIAN (Stokes), by T. H. LeForge; AMERICAN: THE LIFE STORY OF A GREAT INDIAN (Day) and OLD MAN COYOTE (Day), both by Frank B. Linderman; INDIAN HEROES AND GREAT CHIEFTAINS (Little, Brown) and AN INDIAN BOYHOOD (Little, Brown), both by C. Eastman, and OLD INDIAN DAYS (Little, Brown) and THE SOUL OF THE INDIAN (Houghton Mifflin), by Charles Alexander Eastman.

### NOTICE TO ILL-USED CLIENTS

We shall present club programs and reading lists in forthcoming numbers. If only a column had thirty inches instead of fifteen and days forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four!

### TECHNIQUE OF THE SHORT STORY

Of guides to fiction writing, *M.C. of Canton, Ohio*, wishes to know. She desires "a good late book on the technique of the short story, . . . one that will be of assistance in teaching the short story to pupils of junior college age," as well as an aid to her own knowledge. We refuse to be deterred by office modesty from mentioning A STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY, by Henry S. Canby (Holt), or even from stating that it is one of the best guides to the subject available. More recent than Mr. Canby's book, and more concerned with writing for the market, are Walter B. Pitkin's THE ART AND BUSINESS OF STORY WRITING (Macmillan) and HOW TO WRITE STORIES (Harcourt, Brace).


**Money**
Gold, Silver, and Paper
by **Francis W. Hirst**

A history of Money from the earliest times down to the present year by an internationally known writer and lecturer on economics $2.00

•

Reflections on the End of an Era
by **Reinhold Niebuhr**
*author of "Moral Man and Immoral Society"* $2.00

•

Jesus the Unknown
by **Dimitri S. Merejkowski**

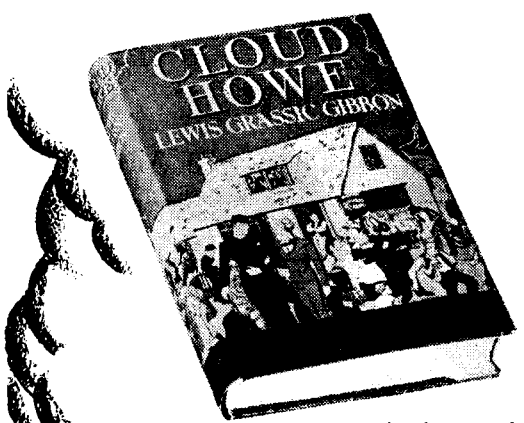
As in his "Leonardo da Vinci" Merejkowski laid bare the soul of an artist and his time, so here he lifts the veil from the hidden life of Jesus, and portrays in living colors the Being who was at once both God and man. $2.75

**SCRIBNER BOOKS**



**"Has everything that Scotch literature has been without for almost a Century."**

—*says the* N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE




When the leading critics on both sides of the Atlantic say of a novel "Here is Scotland, here is a People"—when, for importance, they begin to cite the great figures of Scottish Literature—when they unanimously agree that the author of SUNSET SONG has more than fulfilled the rich promise of that remarkable novel—that's good news for anyone who wants a treat in a book of memorable beauty and lyric intensity.

CLOUD HOWE is the novel which does for the rain-swept hills and the small towns of Scotland what Mary Webb's *Precious Bane* did for Shropshire, writes Robert M. MacGregor. CLOUD HOWE will probably represent to the growing Scottish movement what the works of Synge and Yeats were to the Gaelic Revival. Just read a few excerpts from the reviews:

**NEIL M. GUNN:** "I don't think I have ever so been put under the illusion of earth having a voice. A splendid piece of work!"

**HERSCHEL BRICKELL:** "A remarkable novel with a disturbing and haunting tragic beauty."

**BOOKS:** "A story of beauty, comedy and pathos, which places its author at the fore of living Scotch novelists of our time."

**LEWIS GANNETT:** "A strange and lovely Scottish novel."

**JOHN CHAMBERLAIN:** "A novel that has blood, marrow and good, quivering nerves."

**JAMES HILTON:** author of *And Now Goodbye:* "For those who do not often care for Scots novels, here is one that must be recommended."

**WILLIAM PLOMER:** "A powerful and beautiful novel, full of poetry and imagination."

Just published. $2.50 at all bookstores.

*Doubleday, Doran*

**CLOUD HOWE**
by **LEWIS GRASSIC GIBBON**


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Suitable for Framing*

Facsimiles of Historic Letters

**FREE**

A LIMITED NUMBER of perfect facsimiles, taken from EDWARD C. BOYKIN'S recently published collection of FACSIMILES of FAMOUS AMERICAN DOCUMENTS and LETTERS, are available on written request to readers of *The Saturday Review.*

**YOUR CHOICE OF ONE**

***CORNWALLIS' letter to Washington agreeing to surrender Yorktown.***

***GRANT'S magnanimous terms to General LEE for the surrender at Appomattox.***

***THE RESOLUTION proposing the 13th amendment to free the slaves, signed by ABRAHAM LINCOLN.***

The *complete collection* of 26 separate FACSIMILES contained in a handsome case, 10¼" x 16" with a book telling the dramatic story of each one, can be purchased for $2. For the FREE facsimile, or the set, or both, address the publishers.

**BLUE RIBBON BOOKS, Inc.**
**386 4th Avenue New York**

*If you liked*
THUNDER ON THE LEFT
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT
*the chances are 20-to-1 you'll like*

**MR THOMPSON IN THE ATTIC**

*A perfectly delightful book about a schoolmaster who couldn't help being real-and lovable-and found himself in a dilemma with a lady. Simple and familiar material—But there is magic in its telling."*
AMY LOVEMAN

*by Anna Gordon Keown*
*Author of The Cat Who Saw God*
*$2.50*
AND PUBLISHED BY MORROW

**HAND OF BRONZE**

*by* **BURRIS JENKINS**

A newspaper story of love and social tension in the HERE and NOW. **$2.00**

"'Hand of Bronze' will hold you. It covers American politics and industry from 'normalcy' down to now. The ancient battle between idealist and materialist, between dreamer and driver is fought once more in the thoughtful chapters of this novel."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

"'Hand of Bronze' carries interest because of its factual interpretation of the direction in which we are moving."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

"William Bronze, rugged individualist, represents the 'system' which Peter Weld, the idealist, opposes. The love interest is provided by the children of Bronze and Weld. Packed with social, economic, and political problems."—*Kansas City Times.*

**WILLETT, CLARK & COMPANY**
**Chicago • • New York**

# The New Books

## Biography

*THE ADVENTURES OF DAVY CROCKETT. Illustrated by John W. Thomason, Jr. Scribners.* 1934. $2.50.

The "Autobiography of David Crockett," written in 1834 is, in this volume, made available for our own time in a popular edition. It takes up two-thirds of the book, the remaining portion consisting of "Colonel Crockett's Texas Exploits," original authorship unknown. "Davy's" own writing is lively and pungent. His colloquial language is a treat. The Texas adventures are written in the first person and in his manner. They end with Crockett's last fight in defense of the Alamo. Toward the end there is a prime example of the racy style of the narrative. It occurs in a conversation with a hunter accompanying a fifty-mule caravan passing by Bexar and bound for Santa Fé:

> I jocosely asked the ragged hunter, who was a smart, active young fellow, of the steamboat and alligator breed, whether he was a rhinoceros or a hyena, as he was so eager for a fight with the invaders. "Neither the one, nor t'other, Colonel," says he, "but a whole menagerie in myself. I'm shaggy as a bear, wolfish about the head, active as a cougar, and can grin like a hyena, until the bark will curl off a gum log. There's a sprinkling of all sorts in me, from the lion down to the skunk; and before the war is over you'll pronounce me an entire zoölogical institute, or I miss a figure in my calculation. I promise to swallow Santa Anna without gagging, if you will only skewer back his ears, and grease his head a little."

As for the illustrations by Captain Thomason of the Marine Corps, they are of the most accomplished draughtsmanship, rich in humor, and the several color plates superlative. One's only criticism of the book is that it is manufactured to look like the well-known Scribner illustrated gift-books for children. On that account it may lose some adult readers who would enormously enjoy it. For here is genuine Americana adorned with pictures that perfectly blend in with the text, and a chronicle that is the finest kind of source material for the American historical novelist. No fiction could be more readable, or give us, with a myriad informal touches, a more human view of the frontiersman of the early nineteenth century.

W. R. B.

## Fiction

*A SHADOW PASSES. By Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan.* 1934. $2.

This strange and rather sinister novel, the concluding one of a trilogy, has an unusual combination of elements—one which will add to its standing in one way, but in another will be apt to make its appeal somewhat confused. A sketch of its plot would have a sensational sound and would attract the detective-story addict. Yet upon this outline is spread a network of thought, in many pages of discussion of life and its motives and of destiny and its meanings, which would find only an impatient reader in the searcher after entertainment alone. The fact that these thoughts come from the lips of supposedly simple-minded dwellers upon Dartmoor adds another confusing turn, though in offering hand-picked characters the author would doubtless claim to have covered improbabilities.

The leading character is original in conception and execution—a relentless and powerful woman whose strength manifests itself in the taking of life—calmly and with thought—where she considers that circumstances demand it; and as calmly, at the close, she takes her own when a fatal disease lays hold upon her. All this involves painful reactions of horror and mystification in her son, who is unwillingly involved by her in the knowledge of her deeds and also in the necessity of keeping them secret both from his young wife and from all others. The picture of Mrs. Bryden's accomplice and of her relations to him and her dealings with him is drawn with great skill, especially in her discovery by subtle clues (not revealed to the reader until later) that he has been planning merely to double-cross her. Her immediate crafty extinction of him follows at once.

The reader who cares for an unusual book combining philosophical discussion with a melodramatic but skilful plot will like this novel, but many others will find it long-winded and really lacking in unity of atmosphere.

M. C. D.

*ESCAPE TO LIFE. By Ferenc Körmendi. Translated from the Hungarian by E. I. Holt and M. L. Elting. Morrow.* 1933. $2.50.

The fiction which has been coming out of middle Europe during the past few years has been in great part a literature of bitterness and despair. In some instances the authors have taken refuge in dream-worlds constructed at various removes from reality; in the majority of cases they have been content with a naturalistic presentation of life as it is lived when the bare struggle for existence absorbs and exhausts all human energies. Jeno Heltai's "Czardas" is a distinguished example of the first class; Karl A. Schenzinger's "Fired" is an average example of the second. But the flight from reality and the naturalistic presentation or protest are not the only alternatives. There is another way which the embittered spirit may take,—the way of irony; and of all open roads this is perhaps the one along which the disillusioned artist can achieve the most facile and brilliant effects. In any case, it is the road which Ferenc Körmendi has chosen to take in a novel

(*Continued on next page*)

# Over the Counter

## The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

| *Trade Mark* | *Label* | *Contents* | *Flavor* |
|---|---|---|---|
| HIS FIRST MILLION WOMEN<br>*George Weston*<br>(Farrar & Rinehart: $2.) | Pipe-Dream | Our hero is the only capable man left in a world of males made sterile by the electro-chemical influences of new comet. The gent becomes an international issue. | Goofy Time-killer |
| ALWAYS TOMORROW<br>*Ruby M. Ayers*<br>(Doubleday, Doran: $2.) | Love Story | They married as ordered by the old man's will, and then she tried to win his love. Ruby never is troubled about redecorating old ones. | Lollypop |
| COWPUNCHER<br>*Charles Ballew*<br>(Morrow: $2.) | Western | Jim McLeod comes back after years to find his father's old friend and his beautiful daughter in trouble. Action and dialogue are adequate. | Oke |
| PIRATES OF VENUS<br>*Edgar Rice Burroughs*<br>(Burroughs: $2.) | Pipe-Dream | Mr. Burroughs's aviator aimed for Mars and hit Venus, wherein he encountered 5000-foot trees, winged men and other curiosities not surprising to readers of the author's previous works. | Wild |
| THE STREET OF PAINTED LIPS<br>*Maurice Dekobra*<br>(Macaulay: $2.) | Novel | A handsome young Frenchman and an American extract an unfortunate English charmer from the foul dens of a North African port. The stage is vividly set for gaping yokels. Adequately written for its type. | Cologne |

## CLASSIFIED

### BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—according to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 166 East 56th Street, New York City.

### BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA IN ALL languages, books on Russian Art our specialty. Research work in Russian art, handicraft, literature and history. Also Russian posters, postcards and Russian picture books for children. Mail order service. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

### DESIDERATA

WEEKLY BARGAINS. Life of Cellini, Ed. and trans. by Symonds, 2 vols., cloth, N. Y. 1906, $5.00. Divine Comedy of Dante, trans. by Fletcher, limp vellum, N. Y. 1931, reduced from $25 to $10. Complete Works of Thos. Nashe, Ed. Grosart, 6 vols., ¾ red mor. Privately Printed 1883-4; 50 sets made, $20.00. Isaac Mendoza Book Co., 15 Ann Street, N. Y. City. Booksellers since 1894.

BOOKS RELATING TO SALT WATER ONLY, new, rare and old. Catalogues. Alfred W. Paine, 336 Lexington Avenue (39th Street), New York.

25% DISCOUNT SEMI-ANNUAL SALE. Our entire stock without reserve. Send for catalog. Astor Book Shop, 63 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

### FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

MORLEY, McFEE, MENCKEN, CATHER, MILLAY First Editions. New list ready. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS, Private Presses, Rare Books, Correspondence Solicited. Plymouth Book Shop, 1842 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

ONE HUNDRED COLLECTED *Authors* listed in newest catalogue. Benjamin Hauser, 300 Madison Avenue.

### FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, over 500,000 in stock; All French Art books, rare, unusual Editions; LOWEST PRICES, mail order Catalogue 20c (stamps). FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop."

FRENCH BOOKS, over 1,000 titles at 50c. Maurois, Morand, Colette, etc. Catalogue. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington St., Boston.

### GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS, scientific and literary; ask for catalogue of your specialty. Otto Salomon, Export Bookseller, Oranienburgerstrasse, 58, Berlin N24, Germany.

### LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. The WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue. Market analysis of manuscripts without fee.

SOUTHWEST LITERARY CLIPPING Service—Catering to students, authors and publishers. Box 1270, San Antonio, Texas.

NEW YORK MANUSCRIPT BUREAU, 64 Horatio Street. Reading fee, $5, includes marketing or criticism, with specific information on market demands. Interviews by appointment only.

J. G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT. First novels, stories wanted. Prompt reports. 108 W. 85th St., N. Y. C.

RESEARCH WORK FOR BUSY authors writing about Russia. Reasonable. Mrs. Voronova, Apt. 1, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CLASSIFIED

## LITERARY SERVICES

THOMAS H. UZZELL, LITERARY CRITIC. Professional training in fiction writing. Authoritative, constructive criticism of manuscripts. Fifteen years experience; clients selling to all magazines. Assistance by mail, in personal classes, and in conference. 342 Madison Avenue, New York City. VAnderbilt 3-1245.

## OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"HARD-to-FIND" and "OUT-OF-PRINT" Books reasonably and promptly supplied. "The Seven Bookhunters," Station H, Box 66, New York City.

SCARCE AND RARE BOOKS. Send want lists. No service fees. BOOK HUNTERS. 220 West 42nd, New York City.

## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted, personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

WHY BE LONELY? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

WINTER SPORTS; $2 per day, inclu. excellent meals; bath, all modern conver., skating; run by college grads. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J.

FRANCES FROST announces that she will publish in *The American Poetry Journal* in March a feature poem by Conrad Aiken, "Landscape West of Eden," and in April another by S. Foster Damon, "Prologue to an Epic," with prose articles on the authors by Chard Powers Smith. Subscription, $2.50 a year. Address: 147-45 Ash Ave., Flushing, L. I., Greater N. Y. C.

SOUTHERN college student wants work. *Anywhere. Anything.* Magnolia.

CULTURED, intelligent widow of 54, residing in Chicago, desires correspondence or occasional conversations with a congenial man. Object: to exchange views on literature, art, music, and experiences gleaned from life. Box 501.

PREPOSSESSING young woman, poetically inclined, lover of nature, desires to hear from mature gentleman of refinement, with similar tastes. Elinora.

WANTED: Gentleman of literary tastes (preferred) by refined, intellectual couple, to share lovely private home on Virginia, or historical North Carolina coast. Quiet, ease, chance for literary work, or hunting, fishing. Best food in the world. Delightful literary and social environment. A. Mathis, 306 S. Fredonia St., Longview, Texas.

BEACON HILL, fires and dinners, so what? "Beacon Hill Also?"

WEARY of catalogued people. There must be one young woman near Boston who is also weary. Am 35, interested in most everything, fireplaces to swimming. Boston Man.

NO JOY exceeds that of seeing and representing nature's beauty. Columbia University advertised for five years to do for art "what electricity does for light and power." Now offered solely by the author this course gives in months of home study more than years by old methods. The Vermeer Camera and the Vision-Glass insure appreciation for all and success as artists to the few with talent. Address A. K. Cross Art School, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

WHO across the threshold of life—forty—wishes correspondence with woman of charm, culture, humor, humility, depth, and a bit of divinity, Eunice.

If you like
SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER
you'll enjoy
"Mr. Thompson in the Attic"
(See page 514)

# The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

which has been hailed in seven European countries with adjectives that should be, but seldom are, reserved for masterpieces.

The surface of Körmendi's tale of Budapest is bright with an icy cynicism, but its heart is black with a congealed hatred of fate; black with contempt for a providence that blindly scatters its favors and disfavors without regard to merit of any order. Antal Kadar, the protagonist, rises to fortune and good living by luck alone; his old schoolmates are condemned to failure by the same sightless goddess. "Escape to Life" is a story of the universal and eternal injustice of life. Körmendi's detachment from his characters is complete. He makes no comment, but lets his narrative bite its way into the thoughts and emotions of his readers. And bite it does. B. R. R.

*PARCHED EARTH. By Arnold B. Armstrong. Macmillan.* 1934. $2.50.

It is difficult to estimate the quality of a novel such as Mr. Armstrong's "Parched Earth" without mentioning at once that it lacks all restraint and sense of proportion. Yet in this case at least the author might insist with justice that any subtlety of treatment would be wasted on this sort of subject, and in fact whatever worth may be possessed by his book arises largely from the crudity and violence which at times lend it a certain strength as sheer narrative. The people of Mr. Armstrong's California valley are without exception caricatures, and the atmosphere in which they exist is compounded of Upton Sinclair propaganda and nickelodeon melodrama. Nevertheless within the limits of their own garish and unreal world, by force of rhetoric and with the aid of a mixed assortment of narrative devices, they move, incredibly and jerkily alive, through the detours of a plot well suited to the characters.

Perhaps Mr. Armstrong's triumph in bringing to his work sufficient vitality to animate even such an unlikely story is worth noting for the future, but detailed criticism of it can serve little purpose. "Parched Earth," in short, is the sort of book in which the town prostitute, who is the last descendant of the noble Spanish family which originally settled the valley, drowns herself in a reservoir belonging to the book. Further investigation of such doings may be left to the individual taste of prospective readers. T. P. JR.

# Brief Mention

January and February are the months of the publishing trade when books not expected to be best sellers but which those interested in special topics, particularly librarians, may need to keep their files of information up to date, are most extensively published. A number of the books mentioned in this paragraph are of this nature. Volume 4 of the *Catalogue of Dramatic Portraits* from the theatre collection of Harvard College Library runs from S to Z (Harvard University Press). The Trustees of Amherst College have published an illustrated book describing *The Folger Shakespeare Library* in Washington with an introduction upon its extraordinary collection of Shakespeariana. * * * An interesting little book, *Edgar Allan Poe and the Philadelphia Saturday Courier,* reproduces in facsimile Poe's earlier series of stories first printed in that medium. It has a value for students of Poe, since these early stories are many of them burlesques of popular literature of the period and were much changed and edited before they were reprinted later by Poe. (The University of Virginia, limited to 500 copies.) * * * Another reprint is the brief, simple but eloquent tribute to Calvin Coolidge written for the New York *American* by Clarence Day and republished by the Yale University Press. It is entitled, *In the Green Mountain Country.* * * * The descriptive literature of London is enriched by an excellent volume called *The Pageant of Tower Hill,* by P. B. Clayton and B. R. Leftwich (Longmans, Green, $5). It is an informal history of the Tower, from the Roman times on, with excellent illustrations. * * * Among textbooks or books that can be used for classroom work should be noted Louis Madelin's *The Consulate of the Empire,* 1789-1809, translated from *The National History of France* by E. F. Buckley (Putnam's, $5). Also *International Organization,* by Harold M. Vinacke (F. S. Crofts & Co., $5), a study in League and non-League methods of organization. The Dartmouth College Manuscript Series No. 2 is *An Indian Preacher in England,* edited from the Originals by Leon Burr Richardson. This is a collection of the letters of Nathaniel Whitaker, written in the second half of the 18th century. *Where Rolls the Oregon,* edited by A. B. Hulbert (Denver Public Library, $5), is a general description and historical account of the country. * * * Among miscellaneous items we note a brief biography of *Sarah Bernhardt,* by Maurice Bernhardt, in the Appleton Biography Series (D. Appleton-Century Company, $1.50), a new volume in the *Collected Essays, Papers,* etc., of Robert Bridges (Oxford University Press, $1), a translation of the Polish tragedy of *Meleager* by Stanislaw Wyspianski, translated by F. Noyes and G. P. Noyes (University of California Press, $1), a new volume of E. V. Lucas's essays, *Saunterer's Rewards* (Lippincott, $1.50), and a publication of the Ann Arbor Press called *Character Education in Soviet Russia,* edited by W. C. Trow.

# Latest Books Received

*(Books of the week in Archœology, Architecture, Art, Belles Letttres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)*

*ART*

Art and People. L. Parker. Day. $1.75.

*BELLES LETTRES*

*Poets and Poetry.* R. A. MacLean. Rochester, N. Y.: Hiller.

*HISTORY*

*Louisiana in French Diplomacy.* E. W. Lyon. Univ. of Oklahoma Pr. $3.

*MISCELLANEOUS*

*What Everybody Wants to Know About Wine.* A. Taylor. Knopf. $2.75.

*PAMPHLETS*

*Why War?* London: New Commonwealth. *We, the Universe.* A. R. Hunt. Hawthorne, N. Y. 25 cents. *Is Suicide Justifiable?* J. M. Holmes. Day. 25 cents.

*TRAVEL*

*London Town.* S. Dark. Farrar. $2. *Greece and the Ægean.* E. A. Gardner. McBride. $2.50. *Switzerland on Fifty Dollars.* S. A. Clark. McBride. $1.90 net.

# To the Editor

Lunarcharsky. I need only say that the Marxist who would dispute the truth of the passage I quoted would be a strange Marxist indeed. Lunarcharsky was attacked by his party, yes, but not for the principles I quoted.

Mr. Smith accuses me of sneering at communist striving for universal material security. He appears to have missed my point. What I implied was that some of us prize human liberty and dignity above security and leisure. It is possible to enjoy both of the latter in our better prisons, and I would remind Mr. Smith that there are such things as prisons of the human spirit. They at present occupy a good part of the area of Europe.

Mr. Smith asks me what Marxist has denied that literary criticism is concerned with character and morals. Why drag in the Marxists? I was merely enumerating those matters with which every critic must be concerned.

Mr. Smith asks me whether I was talking about economics or personality in my defense of individualism. I was talking about man in his every aspect. When a communist attacks regimentation he does so only with a view to substituting for it his own more thoroughgoing and inclusive variety.

I made a plea for courage. Courage for what? asks Mr. Smith. If I must repeat myself, courage to perceive utopian illusions, to hold a democratic faith, to draw ethics and action closer together, to refuse surrender to individual obliteration.

My remark about the negative and cowardly character of communist philosophy was neither wild nor unconsidered; it represents my earnest conviction.

Mr. Smith would have it appear, by naming a few geneticists, that there is no longer ground for believing that heredity outweighs environment in effect upon character. Unfortunately for Mr. Smith, the balance of scientific opinion is still preponderantly against him. Details if he wants them. As for my "hint" that science is no longer materialistic, I said simply that science is no longer cocksure. It has abandoned its air of finality, and I said that we breathe a freer air because of it.

J. DONALD ADAMS.

New York City.

# PERSONALS

GENTLEMAN, who travelled extensively, lover of nature, books and fine arts, speaking French, Spanish and German, would welcome to correspond with or meet refined girl. Felix.

HELP in Irish literary, historical or archaeological research offered. Fees modest. Correspondence invited. Grub Street.

UNBEARDED Economist assembling 12 reasonably informed, dissenting New Yorkers weekly to discuss current happenings until apoplexy intervenes. No dues. No Boy Scouts or Campfire Girls. Box 512.

AMERICAN Jewess, fond of outdoors, wishes to become acquainted with intelligent Jewish gentleman 35-40. Box 513.

YOUNG man, thirty, gentile, unattached, desires cultured man or woman finance honky-tonk burlesque, New York City. Excellent speculative possibilities. Box 514.

YOUNG man, unemployed, with typewriter, would like part time or full time work. Box 515.

AN agreeable companion, a youthful woman in her thirties, with widely diversified interests, thoughtful outlook and trained intelligence, seeks fresh contacts. Box 516.

COLLEGE man, age thirty-one; physically, mentally "flush," materially "broke," will consider any kind of offer or correspondence. Box 517.

TUTORING: Primary and Secondary Subjects. Latin and Mathematics a specialty. Group or individual instruction. Box 518.

CONNECTION wanted; assistant editorship, book-selling, anything bookmanlike; have literary ability and knowledge of books; should appreciate an interview. Box 519.

WHAT Offer for Rarity? Vol. I Theatre Arts Magazine (complete in four issues). Box 520.

TRAINED librarian, experienced, needs position. Anything dealing with books, publicity or writing. Good references. Box 521.

MODERN dance movements, body building and reducing. Instruction and exercise combined. Write for particulars. Pat McGrath, Kranz Studios, 332 West 56th Street, New York.

MAROONED in hinterlands. Should enjoy correspondence with man over thirty-five. Am attractive brunette, college graduate

CHILDREN'S Librarian, 31, experienced, desires work in New York. "Booklover."

WISE and/or witty correspondence wanted. Reply guaranteed. DINNY.

"SKIO" will answer your child's questions and encourage him to write, if you subscribe for Wise House monthly story letters. $2.50 a year. Sample on request. Wise House, Box 564, Rye, New York.

BRIDGE Widow desires as Bridge partner man who considers game "King of Indoor Sports." Must be unattached, 35-60, gentile. No lukewarm players need reply. Contract Bridge.

YOUNG lady of diversified interests, including tennis, dogs and walking, would like to meet thirtyish gentleman similarly inclined. Wendy.

WHILE constant companionship with my feminine self isn't exactly distasteful, embellished as it is with a job, books, music and the diversions of wonderful Chicago, yet I should prefer being less exclusive and share my pleasures occasionally with—oh, say a gentleman of forty, fifty or a hundred, meditates "Emmans."

WOMAN stenographer under thirty as second resident secretary in bookish home—editorial training for permanence—education, travel, poetry. Send brief story of life and photo. Brookline.

TYPOGRAPHER (young, capable, discouraged), starving in hick town, would exchange four fine volumes of *The Fleuron* for something more digestible. Will wrap in cellophane. Westerner.

WRITER, artist offers select kindred spirits aesthetic accommodations; individualistic housekeeping; board; gardens; garages; modern; reasonable. Language, art instruction. Secluded pine forest. Commuting New York. Aryans. Write Professor Charles Gunter, Pine Rest, Spotswood, New Jersey.

UNEMPLOYED Teacher—Normal school and college graduate, experienced, seeks tutoring. Marguerite Tyler, Westmoreland, New York.

ANNIE doesn't live here any more! She joined Contacts, the correspondence club for the mentally isolated and left her low-life environment. Free book exchange. Send 3c stamp for details. Contacts, Box 91, Station D., New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Interesting to see listed (at 9 guineas) in George Bates's catalogue (5a Shepherd House, Shepherd Street, London, W. 1) a first edition of a good old American juvenile classic—*Helen's Babies*, published by Loring of Boston in 1876. Firsts of this old book are rare. John Habberton, the author, died in poverty a few years ago (in Staten Island, if we remember). ☞This catalogue of Bates's reaches Quercus from Christopher Ward of Wilmington, an amorist of such savory pamphlets. ☞Excellent Bates: he is a good Conan Doyle man and has even discovered an item of which few have heard—a 3-volume novel, *The Fate of Frenella* (1892), which was written by 24 authors; Doyle did chapter 4. Among the others were F. Anstey, Mrs. Trollope, Bram Stoker, etc. Bates asks 21 bob for it. ☞For the benefit of "Baker Street Irregulars" we note that Mr. Bates touches on a moot point—was the correct title of a famous story, *The Sign of Four* or *The Sign of the Four*? According to Bates it was first issued in Lippincott's Magazine (February, 1890) as *The Sign of the Four*. Published (later in same year) in book form without the *the*.

☞Still referring to Bates: if he knew how much pleasure his catalogue gives old mumbling Quercus he will have shaken off the mood of depression he describes when he moved his shop last Christmas to the new address on Shepherd Street. He then wrote:

> Radio and cinemas, motor cars and telephones, mate but foully with Beauty, and the fairyland of Books shows more and more the scars of the jerry builder and the inroads of commercialism.
>
> If my thoughts tonight are depressing I can only plead that my environment is terrifying, for to be dumped in an empty shop in the heart of London with no company except unopened cases of unsold books, a smell of varnish, echoes like the derisive laughter of a thousand devils, and no thoughts except an urge to open the shop and earn the rent, fighting an urge to lock the damn place and spare my blushes, is enough to explain why my tail is between my legs, and my ears are lying flat on the back of my neck.

☞Harry Schwarz of the Casanova Bookshop, Milwaukee, has issued 500 copies of a vigorous essay on *This Book-Collecting Racket* in which he sensibly protests against some of the silliness (and occasionally worse) of the edition trade. "It would appear," he says, "that the collector, instead of being the intelligent, discriminating connoisseur, is the most accomplished of fashion-mongers, following in the wake of popular approval like a sheep." ☞Mr. Schwarz believes that when the Casanova Bookshop opened in Milwaukee, 5 years ago, "there was not a single collector of modern first editions in the city. . . . Today our local collectors can be counted in scores."

☞Old Quercus gets occasional inquiries as to the composition of the cocktail called *Swiss Family Manhattan*, which is served only in a *trattoria* on East 45th Street. This beverage, which was invented for the baptismal party of a book, high up in the 80's of the Empire State Building, is trichotomized thus: ⅔ rye (symbolizing Manhattan), ⅓ Italian Vermouth (symbolizing the Alps), and a dash of absinthe (about 2 drops, symbolizing the perfumes of imagination). ☞Shake furiously; serve with extreme frigor. ☞Harry Snyder, Far Eastern Representative, is on his way to Hawaii for his annual spring traffic in the Islands. He expects to do good business with *The Lord's Anointed*, a novel of the missionary hierarchy in Hawaii, by Ruth McKee, which will be published this spring and of which we hear favorable advance report. ☞Quercus, who likes to be well in advance of the news, predicts extraordinary acclaim for a book to be published presently by Harrison Smith & Robert Haas—*Seven Gothic Tales* by Isak Dinesen, presumably a Dane. Make a mental note of this one and see what happens. ☞Old sombre Quercus, often amused at the wrong place, got a grin out of a Chevrolet advertisement in *The New Yorker* supposed to picture a "Connoisseur of First Editions" looking over his treasures. There he is, in velvet smoking jacket, standing in front of shelves of Priceless Firsts—all horridly rebound in gilt calf and marbled tops—the two things that real collectors most puissantly abhor. ☞The conclusion whereof is, *ne sutor ultra crepidam:* let the advertiser stick to what he understands. ☞Why do English publishers allow the binders to slip in advertising suggestion on the copyright page of their books? E. g., in Linklater's *Magnus Merriman* we find printed "Cloth, Fast to Light and Washable, Made by Morton Sundour Fabrics Ltd."

☞Morrow has been running an impressive series of ads on *Shake Hands with the Devil*—the novel of the Black and Tans which has been attacked as synthetic. Each ad is a quote from an English or Irish critic in defense of the book's genuineness, and all of them have rung the bell except the one which appeared in the *Times* on Valentine's Day. This was a quote from what the publishers called "a distinguished Irishman"—who shall be nameless, but who, we understand, has never been in Ireland. ☞We point this out hesitantly, however: for all we know it's perfectly possible to be an Irishman without having been in Ireland. The idea sounds Irish, anyway. Will Mr. Ernest Boyd please enlighten us?

☞We have received an anonymous letter—at least, it's signed Constant Reader—taking issue with our report of the Booksellers' Code Hearing two weeks ago. Constant Reader seems to feel that our reporter was putting in a plea for the booksellers on retail prices. If we had the space, it might be worth while to argue the matter. We shall not, however, for several reasons. First, our report specifically disclaimed any intention to discuss the merits of the case; it was confined to a presentation of the booksellers' own arguments, without comment. Second, Constant Reader, who writes in behalf of what he calls John J. Public, has not come out in the open. There is good internal evidence to support the theory that Constant Reader, instead of representing the public, is himself in the book business. ☞We have no objection to presenting the case for John J. Public, if Mr. Public will send it in under his own name, and if it makes sense. Meanwhile, we think that the main consideration in behalf of the public, at least the book-reading public, is to keep the bookstores open on a paying basis.

☞We were speaking, when interrupted, of Harcourt, Brace's catalogue note on the forthcoming Sociology of Pareto. ☞Every alert spectator of mortal hopes and confusions will be interested in this note.

> "The Mind and Society" sets out to determine the respective shares that thought and sentiment, the rational and non-rational, have had in human history, and the respective parts they play in the everyday life of the human being. Volume I is a brilliant example of the inductive method in scientific thinking. Pareto lays before the reader a vast array of facts and invites the query as to what they signify. He concludes that non-rational, non-logical conduct plays a vast role in human life, logical thinking a less important role. What are those roles, and how are they related? In Vol. II Pareto devises a method for the analysis of sentiment as underlying thought and conduct. This is his theory of residues. In Vol. III he studies the methods by which sentiment disguises itself as thought and makes itself felt in the social struggle. This is his theory of derivations. In Vol. IV he examines the structure of society that results from the interplay of sentiment and thought that has been surveyed inductively in Vol. I, and analyzed deductively in Vols II and III.
>
> If Vols. II and III constitute one of the most original feats in analysis that the human mind has ever performed, Vol. IV is one of the most far-reaching in influence. After a brilliant review of Graeco-Roman civilization in a running comparison with our contemporary world, it reaches the conclusion that there must be a ruling class and a subject class, and that the manner of their composition from the sentimental standpoint is what determines the survival of nations and civilizations.

☞Harcourt, Brace and Company add that Pareto's work "is definitely not intended for the plain man. "In fact, Pareto did not want his book to be known to the general public, since he felt that certain truths which history reveals can do more harm than good if they are known to the plain man, though knowledge of them he regarded as essential to those . . . in or near the seats of power."

☞Old Quercus, though excessively plain, intends to sit in with Pareto when the book is available.


CHRISTOPHER MORLEY says:

"Surely these enchanting lectures of Professor Lowes, whose great learning is so gaily infectious, make one of the very best books ever written on our first great poet and novelist. . . . Even though we may have been faithful amateurs of Chaucer, how much Professor Lowes tells us we did not know—about his astrology, his library of reading, his work in public affairs, his brilliant narrative art. Chaucer's queer job as Clerk of the Works sounds a good deal like being an administrator of codes under the NRA. . . . This book is written that way: packed with wisdom and with hard-earned information, but considerate of the timid reader. It is a noble introduction to a man whose mind lives inside our own skulls even if his language looks a little different. Lowes helps him to 'make sense,' a phrase Chaucer would have liked."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

*By the author of "The Road to Xanadu"*

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES

*$2.50 at all bookstores.* *Houghton Mifflin Co.*



*a New Novel by* JOHN COWPER POWYS

*Weymouth Sands*, just published, is a romantic story of the old, sea-saturated town of Weymouth on the English Coast—the particular spot on earth with which from childhood Mr Powys has been most familiar. In a letter to the publishers, Mr Powys further confesses that into the mystical personality of Sylvanus Cobbold, one of the major characters, he has flung many of the most secret manias and superstitions of his own nature

"*Weymouth Sands*," he writes, "is in a different genre, really, from both *Wolf Solent* and *A Glastonbury Romance*. It is, perhaps, more airy, lighter, gayer, swifter in movement"

This book retains and develops that peculiar quality of luminous magic which is Mr Powys' alone; but it also reveals new elements of irony and humor which will increase his large and enthusiastic public $3.00

*from* The Inner Sanctum *of*
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
*Publishers*, 386 4th Ave, *New York*

WEYMOUTH SANDS



The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS<br>Erle Stanley Gardiner<br>(Morrow: $2.) | Perry Mason, clever lawyer-sleuth, clears lady with pulchritudinous props from murder charge and nails slippery killer. | Fast paced, thrilling; er … hly hard boiled … drawn | Top notch |

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED